VERSES BY CHARLOTTE LEECH

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To
Mrs. Fred. Crumbie
for love of
Charlotte Leech

from
Mary Leech Blake
and Louise Blake

Christmas 1917

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VERSES

BY

CHARLOTTE LEECH

The Knickerbocker Press
NEW YORK
1917

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by
MARY LEECH BLAKE

Dedication

TO

W. E. L.

Whoever finds this book in after days,
Whether he read to mock, or smile, or praise,
We shall not care, it was not writ for him
Nor for the many with their hourly whim;
But made—witness my hand—for You alone,
Heedless if there were other Reader none,
If this he'll neither comprehend nor brook:—
The world is wide, there's many another Book.

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FOREWORD

May it be said, by way of explanation, that the intimate or family Verses, which appear in the latter pages of this book, were never intended for publication, nor would they see the light now were it not that this collection is intended strictly for private distribution.

A number of the miscellaneous poems have appeared in *The Century*, *The Atlantic*, *The Independent*, *The Critic*, *The Era*, *The Christian Register*, *Life*, and *Puck*. A few have never been in print before.

The Dedication would make it appear that a collection of these Verses, in book form, was at one time contemplated by the author, but such an idea was never for a moment entertained.

The Dedication was written for her private Scrap Book, in which she had gathered together such of her Verses as had appeared in print, and from which this little volume has been prepared, "In Memoriam."

MARY LEECH BLAKE.
HARRIET W. R. LEECH.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.
June, 1917.

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ALL SAINTS' DAY

Music by Gounod: *The Radiant Morn.*

OUR saints who sometime with us trod
The earthly way our feet still roam,
Have found their perfect rest in God,
In Him their home.

Their joy we never may attain
Nor, white-robed, look upon God's face
Till up the beetling hills of pain
Their way we trace.

Lord, Christ, the Cross of Calvary
Marked for our saints the journey's length,
We follow where they followed Thee
Be Thou our strength.

THE HOUSE

WHAT does he view, the passer-by?
By every human sign
A goodly habitation, but
I see a shrine.

He marks what may be bartered, sold,
Or changed, as are men's wares—
I see a tabernacle and
God's altar stairs.

With angels going up and down,
The loved and unforgot,
The dwelling, like the Patriarch's stone,
But marks the spot.

He notes the fragrant, grassy space,
A bright and heartsome sight—
I see a field whereon was fought
A mortal fight.

The goings out and comings in
Are seen of passers-by—
The doors close on the conflict, and
The tragedy.

The inmates, like a rosary
  Held by the slender thread
Of lineage—what vows they have vowed,
  What prayers have said!

Hearken, dear God, unite them in
  Thy fair and far-off lands
Forevermore in Love's Wide House
  Not made with hands.

HOME THOUGHTS

THE fire glows upon the hearth to-night
At my old home,
But on new faces shines its radiant light
While far I roam.

I may not envy them that spot so fair,
I seek my own;
The names of those who once were gathered there
Are graved on stone.

Could I but lay me down to-night and pray
That sleep might come,
From which, when angels roll the stone away,
We wake at Home!

OUT OF THE DEPTHS

W. E. L.

WITH empty hands lifted in empty air,
Mother of Consolation, hear my prayer;
For since 'tis said, "it has pleased God to give,
And then to take away,"
To Him I cannot pray
And hold belief that such is my belief.
Mother of Christ, to thee
Alone I make my plea:

Oh, dear and sacred heart, but yestereven,
As paled the west, there went one into heaven
Whom God had hurt beyond the mete of men.
Let him, I pray, sink down before thee, then
Lay hot and throbbing head upon thy knee,
And take thy hand,—for so he used with me,
Placing it on his forehead, where the pain
burnt through,
Oh, stroke his dear hair, Mother of all woe.
How can I ever doubt
Thou knowest to smooth the furrows out
One after one, plowed there,
By anguish of despair!

What need, what need has he
Of Him who was, is, and shall ever be
Clothed in the praises of eternity?
Upon a sapphire throne
Sun, moon, and stars His own—
The rather he has need only of thee,
Mother of Peace. If such a thing might be,
Soft in thy garment's hem
Fold him and let him sleep
The sleep God gives to them
He calls His own beloved,
Holy, serene, and deep.
There may he rest unmoved
Till One shall seek him out
And cry to him, "Come forth"—the same
that bade
Lazarus arise,—and take him by the hand—
Immortal moment! he will understand.

No more in mad
And blinding doubt,
Mother of Christ, with tear-cleansed eyes, may I,
Like Mary and like Martha, stand near by.

TO ONE IN HEAVEN

DOES it seem long to you, in heaven
Until I come,
'Til seven years?
To me 'tis seventy times seven
At our old home
Counted in tears.

SERENADE

OH! softly, softly evening breeze,
While stars their watch are keeping;
Breathe softly through the swaying trees,
My lady dear is sleeping.

Oh tenderly, sweet nightingale,
While Love's own moon is beaming,
Breathe tenderly thy plaintive wail,
My lady dear is dreaming.

All gentle things keep watch with me,
Till golden morn is breaking,
For day on land, and sky and sea,
Comes with my lady's waking.

EASTER

YE would see Jesus? Nay, fond hearts, not
here,
If it be true ye seek a living Christ—
So spake the radiant presence at the Tomb—
Ye must go otherwhere to keep your tryst.

Not here, but on the long and weary road
Where there are wounds to bind or woes to
share,
And ye shall feel your hearts within your burn
For ye shall find the living Jesus there.

ANGEL OF SILENCE

ANGEL of Silence! lay thy finger soft
Athwart my woman's lips, that I may stand
Steadfastly mute, tho' I must see full oft,
On summer nights, go wandering hand in hand
Brave men and maidens sweet, in love's first heaven;
I hear dear children shout from morn till even,
Loud boys and timid little girls at play,
Whom other women bore, while my arms ache
For emptiness, and hunger gnaws my heart,
Poor useless thing, which yet will never break,
As I look on at Life and take no part—
Steadfastly silent, while for me, O Lord,
O'er Eden's gate there hangs the flaming sword!

DAFFODILS

IN all the dells, on all the hills,
They come, they come, the Daffodils;
Flinging their banners in the air,
A burst of glory everywhere.

Soft as the shadows in a dream,
Their forms are mirrored in the stream,
Upon whose quiet banks I lie
Alone, the Daffodils and I.

Dear Flowers by Poet loved and sung,
When England's Muse was fresh and young,
Ere she had drunken to the lees,
Or learned to toy with mysteries,

He thought no shame of Thee to learn.
Ah! blessed he who can discern
Truth, though it thrill but for an hour
The golden heart of a little flower.

PARAPHRASE OF THE NINETIETH PSALM

CREATOR of all time and space,
Maker and Lord of man,
Lo, Thou hast been our dwelling-place
Since time and space began.

Or ever Thou hadst formed the earth,
Or curbed the wayward sea,
Before the morning stars had birth,
Thou wert eternally.

The countless ages in Thy sight
As snowflakes melt away,
Or as the watches of the night,
Fly at the break of day.

And how regardest Thou man's years?
Eternal God and Lord,
But as a tale that's writ in tears,
And ceases at Thy word.

Yet deep in human hearts doth lurk
The hope Thou wilt see fit
To 'stablish Thy frail creature's work.
Yea, Lord, establish it.

That we through all eternity,
  As in the mortal past,
May find our toil and wage in Thee,
  In Thee, our rest at last.

IN AUTUMN

THE royal grape is on the vine,
The trees are flaming red,
The year is ripe with corn and wine,
'Tis time that we were wed.

Together we have watched the showers,
Fall on the hopes of spring,
Together seen those hopes turned flowers—
What shall the autumn bring?

Fruition on each bough and limb,
Faith realized, fear fled,
The year's wine frothing at the brim,
'Tis time that we were wed.

'Tis time, 'tis time, my own, I yearn
To call thee mine, all mine,
Oh, Son of Mary, for us turn
Life's waters into wine.

A CHRISTMAS LETTER

IT is the time of glad goodwill
That marks love's humble holy birth
When all the world grown strangely still
Lists to the song of peace on earth.

No fitter time, O tried and true
No fitter, sweeter time than this
For me to give my "yes" to you
And seal it with Love's very kiss.

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT

THE race not always to the swift
Nor victory to the strong?
Then why the goal before us lift?
Why raise the battle song?

If feet that wait not by the way,
If hearts that fight the wrong,
Must fall behind, must lose the day,
Why then be swift or strong?

Take heed! the mightiest man of old
Was blinded and made weak,
That so to caviling hearts and bold
He might with knowledge speak.

Sweetness is better far than strength—
Light doeth more than speed—
All failing, sweetness comes at length,
Light unto God doth lead.

Out of the strong let sweetness flow,
Out of the blinded, Light,—
Live thou these words and thou shalt know,
Manoah's son was right.

Who Light and Sweetness on his way,
  Gives Philistine and friend,
Finds strength and swiftness for his day
  And God's goal at the end.

2

THE ROAD TO EMMAUS

WHERE have they laid Him?
Nay, He is not dead,
Behold Him where He walketh with His own.
Oh, loving, loyal hearts be comforted
Forevermore has rolled away the stone!

Abide with us, abide with us, oh Lord,
Deep in our hearts abide Thou living Word,
Thou didst put on our frail humanity
So may we wear Thine immortality.

MY CREED

I DO not know how other women love,
I only know that when I wake each day
And lift my heart to the great Heart above,
It is for thee—for thee alone—I pray.

How other women love, I cannot know,
I only feel if joy from thee has fled,
'Tis midnight, tho' a thousand suns should glow;
If thine—'tis noonday, tho' all suns were dead.

How other women love is not my ken,
I only know death has no fears for me,
Alone one moment in the dark, and then—
We two, with God, in His eternity.

"WHOM WILL YE THAT I RELEASE UNTO YOU?"

AH, had the mob but "Jesus" cried,
He had not then been crucified,
And we through teachings manifold
Had rightly learned how to grow old.

LOVE AND CONSCIENCE

WHO would not rather live the mad moth's life
One glowing kiss, then in the living flame,
Consumed of his desire, crowned with his aim,
Die, glorified, while happiness was life,

Than when through endless time, ensphered far, far
Above all human joys and loves and fears,
Passions, desires, longings and warm tears,
True to its destiny—a midnight star!

But Conscience then,—back in a weary land,
How godlike, 'tis the needle to the north,
Ocean to moon—and yet I'd be the moth—
The God who made me He can understand.

"YE DID IT UNTO ME"

ONE stood where earth and heaven meet
And heard the voice of Love:--"My son
With the great gift of life I gave
Freely to thee, what hast thou done?"

He, answering: "Lord, I held the creed
In every clause inviolate,
And I was eloquent in prayer
And edifying in debate."

Then Love: "When I was lone and sick,
Shorn and unsheltered among men,
Lone and in prison languishing
Make known, what didst thou for me then?"

"When Thou didst lie in prison, Lord,
Athirst and hungering, alas,
One held Thou wert of mortal birth
And vowed Thy follower he was.

"But when he taught that in the flesh
The dead shall never rise again
I scourged him from Thy Temple pure,
And strove to seal his lips profane."

"My son! 'Twas he who visited
My prison, bringing oil and wine;
Ere his own wounds were closed he came
And laid a healing touch on mine."

"Dear Lord":—he bowed him to the earth
And hid his face in contrite shame,
Then heard once more the still, small voice--
"Arise, go thou and do the same."

HOME

WHEN Mary shall have learned the art
Of making love and service one,
And Martha learned the better part
That lies in some things left undone,
Then not as Guest, shall Jesus come
But with us shall abide—at Home.

CREEDS

WHICH is the healing plant
And which the noxious leaf?
Why question, from the accursed tree
Heaven hails a Christ—and Thief!

FAILURE

TAKE my defeat, O Lord, for offering:
'Tis all I have to bring;
But in thy name, and not my own, I wrought.
Can it have been for naught?

USE AND WONT

"The cloak that I left at Troas with Carpus, when thou comest, bring with thee, and the books, but especially the parchments."

2 Timothy iv., 13.

"THE books, the parchments, and the cloak":—
Illustrious Boy on whom did fall,
If only while the morning broke,
The mantle of the Apostle Paul.

The books—but more especially
I would I might have borne to him
The parchments for his eyes to see
Ere time and tears had made them dim.

Oh, the divinity—Heaven's seal—
In human things, though unto them
We may not bow ourselves, nor kneel,
Yet do they fringe His garment's hem.

Nay, He who conquered Death for all
His immortality unveils
Through no supernal miracle,
But by the stigma of the nails.

USE AND WONT

All things are human, all divine,
The earth is His, and sea,—
Lord, through Thy gifts of Bread and Wine
Do we remember Thee.

GOD'S FOOL

THE King turned from the men of state,
And to his Fool said he,—
"If thou wert Arbiter of Fate,
Whose should the Victory be?"
"The 'Victory?' Nay, there is but one,
One only, other there is none,—
Gained once on Calvary,
And by a Thief, mark ye!"
The erstwhile Jester said,
And meek obeisance made:
"Thou Fool!" the King cried. "Have a care!
Of such blaspheming words beware!"

THE REFORMER

MOCKED as a runner, furthest from the goal,
Foiled, but pursuing, as the sea the moon,
Trembling, but true as needle to the pole,
Treading the winepress in the glare of noon,
To cry in agony, at last, "I thirst!"
Behold the Man! Follow him if thou durst,
And men shall plait for thee of thorns a crown,
Yet follow—and the future is thine own.

BELIEF

THOU camest to a world of stress and tears
To bring, Lord Christ, glad tidings of relief;
But our chief gain in these two thousand years—
Forgive our unbelief—is this belief.

BY THE SEA

ART Thou, O God in that far space,
Where sky and ocean seem to meet,
Where a poor weary conquered world,
Falls sobbing at high heaven's feet?

Thy way is in the deep, and yet,
Thou leavest there no trace whereby,
The o'ertasked souls of men, may find
The path, whose ending is the sky!

Great God! 'tis not for us to say,
Which way our life's frail bark shall tend,
We move by faith and not by sight,
And Thou indeed art at the end.

Where'er it be, there is the port,
Where all must enter at the last,
Where all must furl the tattered sail,
And make the time-worn anchor fast.

I venture on the Sea of Thought,
Unless Thy strong arm stretches out,
To save as once on Galilee,
I sink in unbelief and doubt.

PANDORA

KNOW ye the story of dainty Pandora?
And Epimetheus, her spouse and the Box,
How he protests not, so does he adore her,
While she the fatal hasp madly unlocks.

Lovely to look at and happily wedded
One would have thought that her cup was quite full
Nay, needle-eye shall with camel be threaded
Ere the desire of woman shall lull.

Eve's curiosity ruined her progeny,
Sheer curiosity wrought the despair
Of Epimetheus, and by misogyny,
Made him henceforward to fervently swear.

"Open the Box," cried the naughty Pandora,
"Nay, nay," said her husband, "that may I not do,"
"Infirm of purpose, then I will"—deplore her
Rash act, O ye mortals, for therefrom there flew

Horrors! Each evil that poor flesh is heir to,
Dismay and disaster were given full scope,
But—acme of irony—how could they bear to—
The gods let the woman shut down upon Hope!

Better for us had it out with the others,
Forth from the casket incontinent flown—
For undisappointed, at least, O, my brothers
Were we, had we never Hope's flattery known.

A LITTLE GRAVE

WHERE think you I beheld her last,
Dear "Bouncing Bet?"
Beside the green grave of a child
All dewy wet.

The little children's jocund flower
Who placed her there
Forever to keep watch and ward
In white robes, where

Sunbeams slant downward through the trees
And soft rains drip,
Dear "Bouncing Bet" grown strangely still,
Finger on lip!

JESSIE LEIGH OF PERTH

A GRANDMOTHER'S STORY

(True)

A FAIRER or a nobler lass
Of high or humble birth
Ne'er drew the breath of life, my bairns,
Than Jessie Leigh of Perth.

"Aunt Jess," whom only yestermorn
Beneath the rowan tree,
We laid to rest in her last sleep
I would it had been me.

But I must tell you e'er I die,
Lest from another tongue,
You hear the story of her life
In words that might be wrong.

For we were aye a silent folk
(Least said the less to rue)
Telling the truth, nought but the truth,
But never all we knew.

Well then—before the days of steam,
  There sailed from Glasgow town,
One summer eve, a goodly ship,
  Just as the sun went down.

When that same sun rose up, next morn,
  Her rough but kindly crew
Heard from a hidden coil of rope
  What seemed a kitten's "miew,"

And there they found a little lass
  Fast in the grip of fear—
"God bless my soul," the Captain said,
  "What are you doing here?"

"I want my Granny, please," she said,
  "And Granny dear, wants me,"
"But what's your Granny's name and yours?"
  "I'm Jess and 'Granny,' she."

The Captain was a Yankee man
  In goodness richly sown;
He made the ship the lassie's home
  And loved her as his own.

But all the time they sailed the sea,
  Nought could he learn nor guess
From that wee lassie's artless talk,
  But just the fact, "I'm Jess,"

Excepting for one other, that
  Her "Mother lived in Heaven,"
But where her father lived, she knew
  Nought, nor his name even.

The Captain on his backward voyage,
  Took the poor child along,
But never found the lassie's folk
  Though hard he wrought and long.

Then to the high authorities,
  Of ancient Glasgow town,
He vowed: "I'll take her back with me,
  And keep her like my own."

That did he, giving Jessie to
  His sister never wed,
Who took her to her empty arms,
  Loved her and clothed and fed.

Her home was in a college town,
  Whither the Captain's son
Went all his schoolboy holidays
  And to the college on.

Oh, but it was a blithesome sight
  As one would ask to see,
That lover and his Perthshire lass,
  Under the great elm tree.

But e'er the time for them to wed
There came from far-off Perth,
A lawyer sent to take our Jess
Back to her place of birth.

He told how after weary search,
Her father died of grief.
And how there died in Glasgow town
The base, kidnapping thief.

But 'twas not all remorse, my bairns,
Made her mother's folk agree
To find the little stowaway
For there was property.

They formed a compact, 'twixt themselves,
By the shrewd terms of which
They'd wed her to her cousin, Keith,
Who'd thereby be made rich.

Oh, bairns, beware of greed of gold,
It shrivels up the soul;
It sends a man a darksome road
And his best parts pay toll!

The lawyer tracked Jess to her home
Of piety and worth,
And told her all the gold and lands
That waited her at Perth.

Her foster mother's heart stood still
  Unused to such alarms;
She rose and tottered and then fell
  Into her darling's arms.

"Nay, never heed his words," cried Jess,
  "Who is he to remind me,
Of Glasgow, sir, please understand
  I've burnt my ships behind me,"

"But if you'll come to-morrow morn,
  I'll have my pastor here,
And he will speak my mind for me
  Quite plainly, never fear."

Oh, God be praised for such as she;
  They live in every land
Where He is loved, their Shepherd He
  Still feeds them from His hand.

The gallant lass got word to him
  In yonder college hall;
With her dear hand held fast in his
  She trembling told him all.

Then laughed as any little brook,
  As silvery and as sweet,
And swift made clear her morning's plan—
  How he and she should meet,

In presence of his kinswoman,
And the unrighteous Scot,
While her beloved minister
Should tie the sacred knot.

"And where you go," she cried, "I go,"
(She knew her Bible fine)
"Your people shall my people be,
Your country shall be mine!"

Next morn the holy man was there
And all was as she said,
The foster mother and the Scot—
And there they two were wed!

. . . . . .

My half-brother her father was,
Dear bairns, she was a Leigh,
And oh, but they know how to love,
Whate'er their fortune be.

And when you've joined a Yankee man
With a lassie out of Perth,
There's not a nobler union
Mind you, upon the earth.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM

THE trees are leafless and the air is dumb,
The skies are leaden and the grass is gray,
And bleak November holds its deadening sway
O'er all save thee, thou brave Chrysanthemum.

When not for me the summer's ripening breath,
Gladdens to joy each fiber of the heart,
Nor evermore sharp winter's angry smart,
Goads the mad soul to face or life or death—

Ah, when Monotony my soul doth numb,
And dullness marks each uneventful day
When I have heart to neither work nor pray,
Teach me I still may grow, Chrysanthemum.

RESIGNATION

O GOD, 'tis Thine alone to give
'Tis Thine alone to take,
'Tis Thine to grant the Spirit that
Bears all things for Thy sake.

Nor know we ever what is great,
Nor know we what is small,
But we shall learn, if we but wait,
That Thou art All in All.

THE SISTERS

THUS Mary unto Martha: "Sister mine,
It sometimes seemeth me that all shall dwell,
In everlastingness. Can any tell?"

"Ah no, refine
Men may the gold, earth of the very earth
Even as we, until a kingly crown
It shines forevermore, but at each birth
Corruption doth its hateful seed implant,
And at the last, when shuddering flesh lays down
The galling load, it doth its triumphs vaunt—
Lord God! the dead that doth a day but lie
Who would for such ask immortality!"

"I speak not of the flesh as without end,
My thought thou dost not rightly comprehend,
Nor hardly can I seem to make it heard
Unto myself, but a dear patience lend
To my still musings, and the spoken word
Shall give them to the winds if they be chaff,—

What is it can revive the banished years,
That lives to-day in all that went before?
Cringing anew at recollected fears,
And harking back to joys that are no more,
That hears again a brother's childish laugh
And brook's voice, as they babbled each to each?
What is this endlessness, can any teach?"

"'Tis Memory, dear one,
Seek not out the things
Too high for thee,
Nor give thy vain thought wings."

"Yet life is shaped by hope and memory,
The thing that has been makes the thing to be.
Bethink thee, Martha, how the grape is bruised
Down trodden in the press by him who flings
Unto pollution what he will, but loosed
From out the fruit, behold a shape
Poised at the brim! And yet the cup doth hold
Not that which is but that which was the grape—
That is my meaning told:
May Death not crush and bruise
That only to set loose
Which makes of Martha, thee,
And Mary makes of me,
Dost comprehend
My thoughts' far end?"

"I comprehend,
That if thou speakest truth,
There is no room for ruth,
Thy dream doth make it plain,
All should then live again!
A malefactor on the cross
His being spent and cursed, might toss
Into the wine-press (which in parable)
Thou likest unto death. It is not well
To see but visions, and to live in dreams,
To trim the starry lamps we are not bid,
Nor are we set to gild the morning beams,
The holy things of God are ever hid—"

"Yet to the meek are mysteries revealed
That to the wise and prudent still are sealed,
What if turn given me,
My being's Self to see
When death has brought my being to an end,
Communing with an ever-living Friend,
E'en Love who with us sometimes comes to sup
That were indeed the wine within the cup!
And yet I cannot fathom deep my mind
Nor learn what is this Self in me I find.
Oh, if thou knowest, Martha, tell it me
For dreamer of dreams I am:—"

"Yea, verily,
But I am of the day,
And love all near familiar things,

E'en the recurring disarray
One duty to another brings,
And while God gives the needful grain,
'Tis we must make the bread men eat.
To smooth rough places plain
For aching feet
Is woman's task,
Nor may I ask
Aught else of God the Lord
Than this, to spread the couch and lay the
board
I know not of the worlds that lie
Beyond the blueness of the sky
Nor am I quelled to suppliant awe
Save by the Tablets of the Law
Whereon I learn God steadies with the smart
Of the compelling duty, woman's heart."

"Beloved, bear with me,
Is there not that in thee
Which thou canst never name?
That values its own praise or blame,
And can behold itself, yet peer
Beyond the verge of things, a seer?
I know not why, but ever in my ears
I hear the murmur of unending years
Like an immortal sea on mortal shore,
Where tides of being rise forevermore
Above and yet above,

Drawn by the Orb of Love
In luminous access.
So may we live in everlastingness,
If else, would I had died e'er He came by,
Nay! Having seen Him who can ever die!"

These were the Sisters twain
Of Lazarus, whom Jesus loved
And raised up from the dead again.

RECOMPENSE

"WHAT is the guerdon of patience?"
I ask the tranquil sky;
And the steadfast stars make answer,
"More patience by and by."

A MOOD

AH God, to hunger where there is no food,
To thirst where never water may be found,
To yearn for harmony where is no sound,
To know but ill and yet to crave the good,
Doing the wrong, and not the thing I would,
To see Sin triumph, Right brought to the ground
Lies going up and down the earth, Truth bound,
This, this it is that makes my present mood:

Dear God, to waken thus from Youth's sweet dream
I could not know, and none foretold my fate!
To live to see Truth's robe without a seam
Parted and torn by Sham and Cant and Hate!
If growing old be finding nothing true
I would that I had died when life was new.

THE SCAPEGOAT

ALIEN from God and man,
Neath every creature's ban,
Nay, tell me now
What meanest Thou?
Men gave Thee to the Lord to bless,
Then drove Thee to the Wilderness,
Laden with sin
His grace to win,
Into the desert vast,
And shelterless and waste,
With never a stark Tree
Set on a Calvary—
Alas, what boots it Thou shouldst be
Hallowed for such a destiny,
The Voice of one deep in the wild
Yet with no cry
To freely give Thy life for men,
Yet not to die!—
And may the life begun in prayer
End in perdition of despair,
Or that which God blessed at the first
Be by the world's offenses cursed?
My Soul, heed thee!

Why dost thou rage
And beat the air,—
Serve thou thine age
Accept thy lot,
Thou canst not be
Where He is not,
On, onward fare—
God in the Wilderness alway
Is fire by night and cloud by day,
The House of Bondage is His own,
And in the contrite heart, His Throne.

PARAPHRASE OF THE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTIETH PSALM

IF Thou be author, Lord,
Of my adversity,
Out of the depths I lift my voice,
In blinding fear to Thee.
E'en as a woman's heart
Is tuned her child to hear
Above the storm, Oh, patient God,
To me incline Thine ear.

With Thee forgiveness is,
Yet there is none may know
Why Thou shouldst cast Thy servant down
And let the scoffer go.

Nay, wait my soul on God,
Thy hope shall not be vain,
Wait thou, as one who vigil keeps
Beside the bed of pain.

Still, still let Israel trust
Though eyes be made to weep,
The Love that watches over us,
Slumbereth not nor sleeps.

THE 130TH PSALM

Out of the depths I call,
  Love will attend my cry,
For close upon the vale of woe,
  The hills of God do lie.

THE BURIAL

LORD Christ in heaven, look down and mark
This little grave new-made,
The broken hearts low bending here
Anguished and sore dismayed.

That looking up they may behold
In the black clouds that span
The sky above their heads, a form
Like to the Son of Man.

Lift Thou their eyes Compassionate
From falling clod on clod,
Thou art the Resurrection
And the Life, Thou Son of God.

But dust to dust and earth to earth,
We cannot choose but see,
Since Life to Life, O, risen Christ
Is hid in God, with Thee—

Nay, death must be, if we would rise
Beyond all mortal ken,
Into Thine Everlastingness,
Soul of our souls—Amen.

BEREFT

THE spring has come again, dear Heart;
Dear Heart, the spring has come!
He does not stir, though echoes start,
To hear the news from home.

The living tide, not born of seas,
The mystic tide of sap,
Is at the full in all the trees,
And daisies climb earth's lap.

What boots it, since he does not know?
The clod lies heavily
Upon his pulseless heart; and, oh,
There is no spring for me!

THEN AND NOW

O HAPPY radiant hours when we were young,
When every passing day, bright and more bright,
A gem upon life's slender thread was strung,
That flashed resplendent in the morning light.

Our days, now we are old, are dim dull beads,
Seen through our tears and in the waning sun,
Making a rosary for evening's needs,
Whereon we'll tell our prayers till life be done.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE MAYFLOWER

HER name, if "Mindwell" or "Submit,"
Was far less farcical than fit;
For, mark you, she lived up to it,
And that sublimely.
To serve her spouse, her only art,
He to her tombstone would impart
Praises, that might have warmed her heart,
Had they been timely.

She lay down late and early rose;
Her manners had not that repose
Blue blood confers, one must suppose,
Yet own her merit.
At sweet saints rapturous in a niche,
She'd rail and turn her nose up, which
Fixed there, mayhap, the vocal pitch
Her sons inherit.

Through pioneer vicissitude
She scrimped and scraped and baked and brewed
With unremitting fortitude,
That shames the sages.

Scripture she read, and almanac,
With nought beside, unless, alack,
And as it were, behind her back,
"Hudibras'" pages.

But all things come to those who wait,
Such an arch satirist is fate
Aiming its arrows, soon or late
No marksman bolder
The Puritanic dame, ah me!
Surviving in her progeny
As flower of our plutocracy
To-day behold her!

THE FIREFLY

WHAT art thou, gleam of light
That evening brings,
Art insect, soul, or sprite,
On lucid wings?

Art thou a beacon clear
Lighting the poles
Of atoms struggling near
While matter rolls!

Art thou a shaft of fire
Burning to guide
Fugitives from the ire
Of force defied?

Thou hast no need of sun
Nor moon's sheer light
Thou self-illumined one
Unawed of night.

Thou art a nether star
Thy firmament
Earth, yet it cannot mar
Thy sweet content,

THE FIREFLY

Art like a Poet strong
  Soothing the night
With sweetest, grandest song
  Whose theme is—Light!

Teach me thy radiant art,
  I too would sing,
Out of a glowing heart
  My song would bring.

And would in times of blight,
  Darkness and din,
Be led by living light
  Fed from within.

A QUESTION: PACKER '69

Music: *Lauriger Horatius*

'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Shall I graduate or no?
Shall I get through or shall I not?
Happy me, O happy me
If in June next I'm set free;
Happy me, O happy me
If in June next I'm set free.

Butler fills my soul with dread,
Havens, Perkins, Draper, too,
Ye of mighty intellect,
Tell me was it so with you?
Happy me, O happy me
If in June next I'm set free,
Happy me, O happy me
If in June next I'm set free.

May I but a sheepskin grasp,
Weak and trembling though I am,
May the wind be tempered to
Every shorn and sorry lamb!

A QUESTION: PACKER '69

Happy me, O happy me
If in June next I'm set free,
Happy me, O happy me
If in June next I'm set free.

SALUTATORY

THE spring's bright days have come and gone
And summer flowers are springing
Beneath our feet and summer birds
Their sweetest songs are singing.

Once more as in times past, we take
Our old accustomed places
Before the same kind audience,
The same familiar faces.

Welcome, thrice welcome to you all,
To you our friends and neighbors,
Whose blessings and whose wishes kind
Have lightened all our labors.

And to our teachers tried and true
Our grateful hearts shall ever
Cherish their lessons, and our love
Nor time nor death shall sever.

FAREWELL

ONE more glad year has sunk to rest
And now round Alma Mater rises
Another class to call her blest
And at her feet to lay her prizes.

Are we all here? Yes, all are here,—
Because one's gone we're not divided.
"Procul Adeste" she is near,
Is with us by the angels guided.

Back from the old world to the new,
From new scenes back to old hearts dearer,
Thank God what Science cannot do
Love can, it need but say "come nearer."

So now, an undivided band,
We'll sing our happy school days over,
And here this hour as with one hand
Write down "The End" and close the cover.

Farewell—and farewell to that band
Who on dear old Packer's good intent
Have joined in mind and heart and hand
And farewell to our President.
And let us thank him for the lesson taught
Only the useful life's with pleasure fraught.

FAREWELL

Farewell to him who for so long
Has at the helm stood steadfast, ready
Guiding with skillful hand and strong
Each new class' bark howe'er unsteady.

To all our guides we'll farewell say,
Theirs is the blessing rich that hovers
O'er them that first have trod the way
Then turned to show it unto others.

We're poor in words, have naught to give
But love to you,—are words love's token?
Vain empty words?—may we all live
To prove what here cannot be spoken.

You who as Seniors soon shall stand—
There, don't shrink back, we won't address you—
No, no dear 'Seventy,' give your hand,
We'll only say—good-bye, God bless you.

Such love as ours, old Sixty-nine,
Can land or ocean broad dissever?
Is ours the friendship, yours and mine,
That must walk hand in hand forever?

But then for the love in the eyes—
The voice—no we cannot dissemble
The grief that in our hearts will rise,
The tears that neath our lids will tremble.

But we are selfish, weak and fond,
We only think of our to-morrow;
Forgetting all that lies beyond
These partings in this world of sorrow.

We thank Thee, Lord, for these blest days
That tell old Sixty-nine's life story—
Amen, Amen, Thine be the praise
As Thine the Power and the Glory.

THE SEVENTIES

OH, life was sweet in the Seventies,
Were ever such peerless girls,
Were ever dissolved in the cup of joy,
Before or since, such pearls!

Oh, the ideals and the day-dreams,
Were lofty as rainbows are
In the hearts of those whose nursery-rhymes
Had been the songs of "The War."

Life was greatest in the Seventies;—
Ah no, 'tis as great to-day,
Youth, youth is the pearl in life's chalice
Be the decade what it may.

GOLDEN JUBILEE SONG: MAY 15, 1903

Tunes: *The Son of God—Dundee.*

ALMA MATER

THY daughters of the yester-year,
Thy daughters of to-day,
We come, we come, O Mater dear,
Our homage meet to pay.
Though we may wander far and wide,—
Love knows nor here nor there,—
Wherever borne by time and tide
Thy name and seal we bear.

The brilliance of the morning born
May to the cloud give place;
Thy laurel for an hour worn
May fade and leave no trace.
But thou, O Mater, dost impart
An immemorial gleam:
Thy palm is for the true of heart
Unto the heavenly dream.

We bring the homage of our love,
And all our loyalty;
We lift one hallowed prayer above,
Learned at thy parent-knee:

GOLDEN JUBILEE SONG

"O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home." Amen.

SONG, 1873

I WANDER alone in the gloaming,
Where we wandered, we two on the shore,
The wild waves have ceased their sad moaning,
A hush broods o'er all as of yore.

In the silence I listen—and listen,
For a voice that was music to me—
The last rays upon the waves glisten,
And the sun sinks to rest in the sea.

So the light of my life has departed,
I shall see it again nevermore,
Alone, love, alone broken-hearted,
I wander at night on the shore.

Yet I know as I linger at even,
By the tryst, love, and yearning for thee,
That thou too art waiting in heaven,
On the shores of the Jasper sea!

A NEW OFFERTORY HYMN

Tune: *Greenwood*

ALL things, dear God, are Thine;
We would give back to Thee
The tithe Thou didst of old exact,
That men our works may see.

May all our alms and deeds
Rise up before Thy sight,
In memory of Him who turned
Our darkness into light!

RENUNCIATION

IF to be saved from self,
If to be Christian be thine aim,
Cut off thine hand, if it offend,
Pluck out thine eye, if its glance tend
Toward selfish ease or greed or shame
Thou canst not thus thy spirit maim;
At last complete, it shall ascend,
Thou ownest it dross, if fearful friend,
To fling thy metal in the flame!

THE PULPIT AND THE PEWS

WHETHER asleep or waking, who shall say?
Not I, for one, but, be that as it may,
The aged organist avows he heard
What here shall be related, word for word.
A man devout he was and true, who mused
Much on eternal things, and wide diffused
Through old St. Calvin's arches high and dim
The echo of the heavenly seraphim,
On Sundays and at wedding festivals,
At costly christenings and at funerals,—
But I digress; that which he told to me
Must be set down without more parley.
He
Affirms it happened on a Sunday night
At service close, if I remember right,
Somewhere about the early part of June.
The last strain of a dear familiar tune
Throbs in the organ's mighty heart, while he,
The player, holds the chord caressingly.
The bustling sexton hurries here and there
Extinguishing the lights, the sexes pair,
Until at last the stragglers all are gone
And in the church the dreamer is alone.

He knows not, if he slept, when he awoke;
But certifies to this: the Pulpit spoke.

The Pulpit

I long have meant to speak a word, dear Pews,
Upon a theme on which I fear your views
Are sadly lax. About this subject vext
And ramified, were I to preach, my text
You'd in Ecclesiastes find, writ plain,
So plain no wayfarer may read in vain.
But better an informal talk I deem
With what the preacher speaketh as a theme.
In chapter seventh, verse the sixth, is this:
"Like crackling thorns beneath a pot, so is
The laughter of a fool"—which personage,
Undoubtedly, dear friends, the ancient sage
Meant should personify the skeptic, he
Whose outbursts of denial prove to be
As fatuous as crackling thorns that burn
To dust and ashes for all men to spurn.
Or, if you like, agnostic we shall call
Him who believes he can send to the wall
With sneering laughter the ineffable
Until all tests are found infallible.
Which cachinnation as innocuous is
As is the burning branches' fitful hiss.

Third Pew

If this, dear Pulpit, be a colloquy,
I'd like to ask a question.

The Pulpit

Certainly.

Third Pew

If so the crackling thorn is laugh of fools,
As to the pot's contents, how teach the schools?
Is it the seething caldron of theology
In this our day? Kindly enlighten me.
I'd like the "solid contents," as it were,
Of that same pot.

The Pulpit

Precisely I aver
The "solid contents" a known point to be
Of mathematics, not theology,
Which sort of "point," as scientists conclude,
"Position" has, but never "magnitude."
And hence we see as at a single glance
Your question's utter insignificance!
Said I not, brethren, that ye all are lax,
E'en now see Science rear her head and tax
The Word for revenue of fact. Now I
Am one that holds, as all can testify,
That Science in no fearful jeopardy
Places our holy Faith, but rather she
Becomes more like a little child each day
With pebbles by the sea of Truth at play.
The vessel and its contents matter not,
The import of the metaphor.

Fifth Pew

The pot
Is metaphor. Like crackling of the thorns
Beneath, the laughter of the fool that scorns—
Your pardon, but I'd like much to inquire
If a similitude you hold the fire.

The Pulpit

Aha! Dear friends, I beg of you, to mark
That we are never left quite in the dark
As to essentials in the written Word,
Or to the "points," "Five Points" as you have heard.

Fifth Pew

Which being all unmathematical
It surely cannot be heretical
To hold that Calvin's "points" have magnitude
But no position, or as I conclude,
None that at this late date is tenable,
Nor, sir, to reason quite amenable!

First Pew

Brother, you do forget yourself to speak
Thus in the Pulpit's presence. Where the meek
Receive the earth, you never need aspire!—
But we are speaking, I believe, of fire.

The Pulpit

We were, dear brethren; please to mark this well,
In Holy Writ it symbolizes Hell
Invariably. And please to notice next,
The fool, who is the subject of our text,
Will find at last that which he held before
As highly colored Hebrew metaphor
To be a veritable lake of fire
Fed by an angry God's eternal ire,
Which shall devour, without consuming, all
To whom he never willed effectual call.
Hence, friends, and finally, observe I pray,
Since he who laughs best, laughs the last, how they
Who hold the doctrines from expediency,
If from no higher cause, at last shall be
Found at the Right Hand with the blessed sheep,
While fools and scoffers gnash their teeth and weep.

Galleries (singing)

"Lead Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on.
The night is dark and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see
The distant scene, one step enough for me."

Ninth Pew

You can't alarm me with a sulphurous smell;
I don't believe in it. 'Tis very well
To frighten boys with, whom you chance to see
Purloining apples from your favorite tree.
They will disgorge and run, but, all the same,
I find the present cane, than threat of flame,
Far more persuasive, in such cases. Then
We are not told that our first parents, when
Caught in a like offense (and I must say
If ever there were sinners it was they),
Were threatened with the fire that quenches not,
But dealt with most summarily on the spot.
Why was no mention made of endless Hell
In that stupendous moment, please to tell?

Last Pew

O brother, don't you know? That story, now,
Is held an allegory, and I vow
That squelches every theory for me
Of doom before or after, don't you see!
There's quite enough to set my soul aflame
Right here in church where I would save the same.
One thing is what the Psalmist calls the scorn
Of those that are at ease night, noon, and morn.
Of course St. Calvin, rich and prosperous,
Is not intended for the like of us.

The Pulpit

You shame its teachings, brother, speaking so;
Is not salvation free, I'd like to know?

Last Pew

It used to be and may be so again,
And in a sense it is so now, but then,
While free to millionaires and such, the crumbs
Are flung to mission chapels in the slums.
I've been there, at a chapel where a youth
Sprouted a pair of whiskers with the truth,
And told us if we all were poor and low
It was because the Father loved us so.
But if we'd every evil habit cast,
And be real good, that we might go at last
To great St. Calvin and be rich, you know.

Ninth Pew

Aha, my brother, you don't have to go
To mission chapels only, to be told
That righteousness is worth its weight in gold!
Nor to behold, held up before your eyes,
For spiritual effort, worldly prize.

The Pulpit

And with authority the Psalmist says,
Who loves Jerusalem and all her ways
Shall prosper largely here and evermore,
But never they who in her seek a sore—

Bear that in mind, you carping cavilers,
Time was the Pulpit silenced swaggerers!

Camp Chair (in aisle)

Sirs, for my brother I've a remedy,—
I, too, have felt the scorner's scorn as he,—
Perhaps I have no right to take the floor,
As I'm no pew-holder, but a furor
Ecclesiastical, my friends, finds me
All there,—as on a flower's breast, the bee!
But that's not to the point. Plebians mine,
For Indigence you need no longer whine,
Thank God that libraries are now quite free.
Take out a favorite volume, come with me
Beyond the city's din, the churches frown,
Beside some little hymning brook sit down
Beneath a tree and open wide your heart,
Likewise your book; 'twill always take your part.
'Twill never ask you if you wear a ring
Or purple and fine linen, never sting
With side-long glance, and the great company,
Apostles, heroes, martyrs, saints, shall be
Who fold their wings and straightway come to meet
E'en me the staggering make-shift of a seat!

Middle Pew

'Tis Emerson, I think, who says he likes
A church, a priest, and all the rest, that strikes
Right home.

THE PULPIT AND THE PEWS

The Pulpit

Ah, you would lend your patronage
To Christ's own Temple, where himself in rage
Scourged the blasphemers!

Camp Chair

Now, then, Brother Pew!
The reverend gentleman cannot mean you
By "blasphemers." Come, let us have your
view.

Middle Pew

Just one word more, please, I'm so tired out
By business all the week, and bile and doubt,
That when the Sunday comes I only know
I love to steal a while away and go
Into the Tabernacle with the blest,
And feel that one day we shall be at rest
Where that for which all things on earth are sold
Our feet shall tread on, for the streets are gold!

Fifth Pew

I hold with you, my brother. So I love
God's Temple, image of the house above
Not made with hands. I love the Sacred Word
And, too, the voiceless prayers, heard of the
Lord
No less than those on winged words that rise
Like incense from the place of sacrifice.

Where in His name are gathered two or three
Has He not promised there Himself to be?
It is not good for man to be alone;
And books, my friends, have offered me a stone
When I have hungered. But whene'er I sought
The very Presence in His earthly court,
I have drunk quenching waters and been fed
At His own table with a living bread.

Ninth Pew

And I—I am a wanderer from the fold.
I fall an easy prey to greed of gold
And worldly temptings, but I feel within
As here I muse a hatred of the sin
That drags me earthward and prevents my soul
That longs to press on to the heavenly goal,
Free from the bonds that bind, the aims that ban,
To run the race that worthy is a man.

Side Pew

It is not thus with me. The agony
Upon my prostrate soul lies heavily
Of this discordant world. To me it wears
A woman's look in pain, who hardly dares
To lift her eyes upon the thing she bears.
Such monsters she has borne of sin and shame
That her fair offspring blush to own her name.
The needless woe, the torture undeserved,
The good man stricken down, the bad preserved

The rude awakening from Youth's bright dream;
The witnessing Truth's robe without a seam
Parted and torn by shame, and cant and hate;
Disaster whose repair comes late, too late;
The growing old and finding little true,
The wishing we had died when life was new,—
These sights and sounds unutterably sad
Bid my soul seek a balm in Gilead.

Fifth Pew

Turn hitherward the foot that well-nigh slips,
And God shall put a new song on your lips.
Come, friends, with me. I love her every part,
Christ's church on earth for which His lonely heart
Bled on the cross. I hear the preacher's call
The reading of the Word, but more than all
I love the hymns: for they bring back to me
Old memories; and pictures dear I see
Of faces all exultant, sad or shy,
Of lips that white and trembling said good-bye,
Of eyes that shone once, and only once, bright
With an effulgent glory from the white
Throne of God, then closed forevermore.
I seem to stand upon the very shore
And watch the sunrise of that endless day
Wherein, if naught else, tears are wiped away.

Galleries (singing)

"So long thy power hath led me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone.
Then with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since but lost awhile."

Just here the organist was made aware
That from the keyboard fell his fingers, where
They all this time had held in cloudland awed
The "Lux Benigna's" last triumphant chord.

"IT IS EXPEDIENT"

O WISDOM, not of Earth and deep as Heaven,
Thyself a Substitute, a good but lent,
Not more to Thee than to us all, was given,
Thou, too, sought refuge in expedient.

The Infant, from its home in soft caresses,
Cries for the moon, but is at last appeased,
In tiny palms the shining coin it presses,
Accepts the loving subterfuge well pleased,

To men and women in the cot and palace,
Whose youth prized nought but Love and Truth and Fame
Drinking Life's waters from a brimming chalice,
Make shift to quaff dark Lethe from the same.

The soul sighs doubly for its native Heaven,
Its home, its Father, and its element,
But learns to wait, accepts the mandate given,—
And Life itself is an expedient.

FRIAR BENEDICT'S PRAYER

FRIAR BENEDICT, a just man and good
Most loved and cherished by the brotherhood
Of saints, lay on his dying bed.
As the sands of life ran out one by one
And the radiant beams of the morning sun
Through the iron bars of the window fell
On the cold stone wall of the friar's cell
The sick man started and faintly said:

"My work, thank God, is o'er!
I shall never hunger more,
But to my home andThee
Father, my soul shall rise
And eat of life's fair tree
In the midst of Paradise."

At dawn the friars met and sadly said
Their masses round the friar's dying bed,
And as they prayed, did rays of sunlight fall
Upon the friar's dismal cold stone wall,
Whereon was writ, as each monk plainly read,
These words, "Give us this day our daily bread."
This was the holy friar's daily prayer
With great exactness and with pious care

FRIAR BENEDICT'S PRAYER

He wrote it, where the morning's first bright ray
Would it illumine, so that through each day
He might take with him the image glorified
And with the image the prayer sanctified.
Upon the Monastery's moss-grown side
An ivy clung and thus at matintide
The sunlight streaming through the window fell
On the prayer-writ wall of the friar's cell.
Casting the shadow of the ivy where
The holy man had cut in stone his prayer,
Making illumination richly fraught
With beauty, such as man's hand never wrought.
Think not the holy man prayed but for bread
Wherewith the earthly body might be fed,
No, he had learned through sorrow, toil and care
The utmost meaning of that blessed prayer,
Therefore he called around his dying bed
The friars of the brotherhood and said:
"O, brothers, when your hearts are faint and worn
When the great burdens that so long you've
borne
Grow each day heavier; when you'd dash the cup
From off your lips, and give the labor up—
O, then throw down your beads and foolish arts
And take your hungry longing tired hearts
Unto your Saviour, and with bowed head,
Pray thus:—"Give us this day our daily bread,"
Then go your way and God will show it thee,
You'll find it in all deeds of charity,

You'll find it in the flowers, the grass, the trees,
You'll know it in the gentle morning breeze,
You'll find it in the sunset sky at even,
You'll see it in the star-besprinkled heaven,
For these are tokens of the boundless love
Of the Almighty one who rules above,
Which if we'd take but as our spirit's food
We should be drawn each hour nearer God."
The friar ceased to speak and faintly sighed,—
"Rest at last, brothers, rest at last"—then died.
And as they bore him to his final rest
Surcharged with sorrow was each stern monk's
breast,
For Death had chosen from the brotherhood
The best beloved—Old Benedict the good.
They laid him down to sleep among the blest
Who long since went from earth to heavenly rest;
Then as upon the air with soothing fell
The soft sweet music of the vesper bell,
Slowly the friars wound their way
Back to the Monastery, as the day
Was sinking into night. But Michael, one
Of the good brotherhood when all were gone,
Fell down upon the new-made grave and wept.
He, buried deeply in his heart had kept
His sorrow until now, and now had come
That in his anguish he might be alone.
When all that makes life dear and blessed, goes
Into the grave and we are left alone—

For Benedict had loved him with a love
Passing the love of woman, and above
All others, had chosen to call him "Friend."
And now that blest companionship must end.
"God knows
We need thee, Benedict," he cried
"If Christ had been with us, thou hadst not died,
With thee, we lose our guide, our prop, our stay,
And there is now for us no one to pray."
"Thy prayers, O Benedict, were always heard,
For thou didst live so near unto thy God,
And when the fever came and drought, we might
Have told our beads from morning until night
And Heaven not heard one cry, but thou didst
pray
And wasting drought and fever passed away."
"But now thou'lt care no more for our complaints,
Thrice blessed with the Father, Son, and Saints—"
"O, Benedict, my brother, thou art gone
God, give me patience to live on alone,
Alone, alone"—then as he ceased to speak
He heard a voice within him saying, "Take
The good around thee as thy spirit's food
And thou each hour shalt be drawn near God."
Then Michael cried, "Blest Lord then not alone,
But near to Thee, and to the dear one gone."
And the voice answered him within his soul,
"Go thou thy way, thy faith hath made thee
whole."

AN ETCHING

A STRIP of land
Upon its edge
At either hand—
Stiff with the brine—
A fringe of sedge.
A single line
That scarce divides
The sky and sea,
And running free
A ship that rides
Out from the lands
Whereon there stands
A girl—Ah, me—
Who wrings her hands;
The day is done
The sinking sun
Drops out of sight
'Twill soon the night
There in the west,
I hear a cry
"Good-bye, good-bye"—
God knows the rest.

THE EBBING TIDE

'TWILL cost Hugh a penny o' money,
To put me under the ground,
But I shall not hear his grumbling words,
I shall be sleeping so sound;
And in springtime the dandelions
Will cover my bed with gold,
And none to rail at the "wicked waste"
Of the little spendthrifts bold.

Jim's wife will come to the funeral,
She always knows what is right,
I shall not wince at her stare, for once
My hands will be nice and white;
I never did mind her upstart ways,
I only thought of poor Jim,
I never let on I saw, for fear
She would take it out of him.

And the girls will come with their husbands
And cry a little and fret,
And think I might have done this and that
And then go home and forget—
But there's one is with me always, he
Who died, not a half-year old,
I keep on dreaming, dreaming o' him
The one lost lamb of the fold.

I used to think when I came to die
(I hoped 'twould be in the spring)
That I'd have no other thought but God,
And I'd hear the angels sing.
But it's really not like that at all,
I go over night and day
The things of earth I have longed for so—
A piano for Nell to play,
A sewing-machine and a kitchen range,
But they never came my way.

And now I have only one desire,—
Just to be quit o' the pain,—
How I dream I hear the baby cry,
Hark, there it is again;
Poor dear wee Lambie, yes 'tis he,
Calling as hard as he can—
Then, Mother is coming quick, there, there,
To her hungry little man!

He never was weaned away from me
Like Jim and Nell and the rest,—
Mother is coming!—I feel again
His happy lips at my breast—
And oh, his eyes!—Star answers star—
They smile back God's own smile,—
In that pure light I see it all—
Life, life made worth the while.

THE MIGHT OF MIRTH

THE sick and sorry gathered near,
The muezzin, at noon, to hear,
But none, not one, was comforted
Which seeing, the sad mufti led
His steps to where the fountain rose
On wings of spray; in perfect pose
And guise of agony superb
He sat him down beside the curb;
With folded hands and bowèd head
The Hundred Sacred Names, he said,
Adding:—"Words light on tongue, like clods
Lie in the balance which is God's."
And as he mumbles, weeps, and wails,
Comes one, the "Teller" called, "of Tales,"
Who lifted up his voice and cried,—
"Ye faithful hear!
Once did betide
This happening, a King who took
A city, straightway brought to book
All those that dwelt therein, he made
His direful purpose known and bade
Each carry off his dearest prize
Or see it burn before his eyes.

Some carried gold, some food, alack,
But one retreated with a sack
To whom the King spake;—
"By life's span,
What hast thou?"
"Laughter," said the man,
"My bag is full of Mirth."
"A thing
I had forgot," replied the King,
"Divide with me."
Whereat the clown
Opened his sack and set it down,
"'Tis Allah teacheth Charity,
Take freely what thou wilt," said he.
And the King vanquished, cried aloud;—
"Thy deed shall save the city"—
Bowed
The "Teller of Good Tales" and mirth
Gladdened the group, as sun the earth.

But the sad mufti heavenward glanced—
"When Death shall claim thy being, canst
Thou then, bold jester, carry off
A sack of laughter, wherefore scoff?"

"I know not, Sire, but this I know
'Tis Allah sends both mirth and woe,
Thou sayest, 'They laugh who win,' 'tis chaff;
They win, say I, they win who laugh!"

MULTUM IN PARVO

THE morning-glory tremulous with rain,
Its purple chalice full to overflowing,
Looks on the long-lived rose without a pain
Nor grudges it the bliss of further knowing.
Its cup is full, though morning brief and bright
Suffices for its life of royal splendor.
Canst teach it of the dew, the rain, the light?
It knoweth all—has Earth aught else to render?

No, no, I grudge thee not the coming years,
The noonday's vulgar glare, the evening's fading,
Viewing thy bliss with eyes undimmed by tears
Thy wedded happiness without upbraiding!
Canst tell me, glowing Woman, what is Love
Nay, I have known it to such perfect measure—
Though brief as nave's poise, ere its pearls dissolve—
That Death I crave, to seal my own, the Treasure.

SAINT PHILIP NERI

FLORENCE, A. D. 1515–1595

AS a wave pauses ere its pearls dissolve,
Then plunges once more in the living tide,
Sobbing but obedient, may I resolve
In common ways with Love still to abide:—
Eternal Wayfarer, dear Love,
I would arise and follow Thee,
The badge of my discipleship,
The dropped net by the alluring sea.
I pray Thee hold unto my lips
The Sacrificial Cup, remove
It not until is slaked Thy mortal thirst,
For Thou wert fevered on the Cross accurst.
For others, be the prize, the goal well won,
I would upon Thy lowliest errands run
In shadowy places where at morn,
They cry, "Would God 'twere night,"
At night, "Would God 'twere morn,"
Mad from the pain of life and blight
That yet must needs be borne.
The hearts that with God's awful patience have
Impatient grown, let me forbid to rave,

Teaching our times are in His tireless hand
To Whom the centuries are grains of sand,
Within an hour-glass
So swift they pass,
His thoughts are not as our thoughts, for we are
His thoughts, and never one of us shall mar
The perfect whole
When He hath writ the scroll.
Unto the Atoning Harmony oblate
May I inspire the wings of song that wait
In all men's hearts to waft themselves to Heaven
In antiphons of prayer, at noon and even,
For Very Voice of Very God outrang
What time the morning stars together sang
And Choired Angels raptured to prolong
The primal note, proclaimed Love's birth in song,
While Mary, from the lips that deigned to dim
The blossom of her girl-breast, learned to hymn
A Woman's only victory
Half anguish and half ecstasy.
Let me see dull eyes glow when I draw near,
Let me bring happy tasks and harmless cheer
To little boys and girls, for Thou didst take
Into Thine arms young children, not Thine own,
And pray God's pity on them for Thy sake
That wentest through life alone,
Alone through death
Even by God forsook at Thy last breath.

Unsearchable, I lose in Thee all loss,
I fall at Thy impassioned, mystic Cross
To clasp Thy dear, dead feet and cry:—
  Oh, Crucified, since Thou didst will to die
  A seeming Failure—even so would I.

"I READ MY BOOKS IN WOMAN'S LOOKS"

AH, Marianna seemeth me,
Like nothing else so much to be
As a rare volume, richly bound,
In which, when opened, there is found
No knowledge, sense, nor sentiment,
But litter unintelligent.

While Isabelle is like a book
Made for the uses of a cook,
Which may be handled carelessly
As never other tome should be,
Within discover her bead-roll,
Collects for body, not for soul.

And Araminta is a tract
With wordy controversy packed,
Not with the things of mild report
Informed, but full of smart retort.
Gad! while a true man knows himself,
Such will be left upon the shelf.

But Daphne doth the heart delight
Like volume bound in vellum white,

Wherein may all men plainly see
Sweet wit and dainty poesy,
Wide thought of human joys and woes
And wisdom such as love bestows.

THE IMPECUNIOUS TUTOR

HE haunts the purlieus of the Square,
An Impecunious Tutor,
At morning, noon, and night he's there,—
An unrequitted suitor?
Ah no, he couldn't if he would,
For quite another reason
He loiters in the neighborhood
Both in and out of season.

For in the Square, a man named Brooks,
A Scotchman, lately landed,
Sells, cheap for cash, no end of books,
Shop-worn and second-handed,
Hence you may see the Tutor tall,
With linen frayed and flabby,
Spending his money at the stall
And going very shabby.

I hesitate to tell, in truth,
What wit and wisdom lie there
At Brooks, in nuggets, lest forsooth
The world should quickly hie there,

And buy him out and leave my friend,
The Tutor all distraught there,
For wanting books, his life would end,
But listen what he bought there.

One day, against the chimney jamb,—
A treasure, worth the finding,—
He saw, complete, the works of Lamb,
Half-price in half-calf binding!
Again he bought for fifty cents,
Spencer on "Education,"
Perfect, save for two little rents,
A lode in his vocation.

O joy, O bliss, O glad surprise,
His heart went like a knocker,
The "London Lyrics" met his eyes
A very Frederic Locker!
O, miracle of luck, again
His choice was none of Hobson's,
He saw without a spot or stain,
"Vignettes in Rhyme," of Dobson's.

He found one glorious Saturday,
And not so very battered,
"The Newcomes!" and I've heard him say,
The "Adsum" page is spattered

THE IMPECUNIOUS TUTOR

With yellow stains, he swears are tears,
  He loves the unknown owner,
Of course 'twas not a man, he sneers,
  If he had only known her!

Pray is it any wonder then,
  The Tutor, of few pleasures,
Should prowl about the Scotchman's den
  In search of further treasures?
Possessing which, the dingy wing
  He hires from the souter,
A palace is, himself a king,
  The Impecunious Tutor!

TO JANE AUSTEN

YOU were a wondrous child,
And your praises ran as wild
In those days
As when you graced the halls
Of the gentry, with their balls
And their plays.

But I'll whisper, lady dear,
That you seem a trifle queer,
(S'il vous plait)
To the woman novelist
And the lady suffragist
Of to-day.

You've a pretty little prattle,
And a petty tittle-tattle,
Yet again
For a child you know too much
And you've just a worldly touch
That gives pain.

You're a gossip and wiseacre,
A little town dressmaker,
And a wit.

TO JANE AUSTEN

With your mouth quite full of pins,
You fasten neighbors' sins
'Till they fit.

If you chronicled small beer,
It really would appear,
Would it not?
That you'd nothing else to show,
And you surely are, you know,
Unforgot!

ON AN OLD VOLUME OF "PUNCH" CONTAINING JOHN LEECH'S PICTURES

WAS ever there another did prescribe
Balm for the thorns of life in quip and jest and gibe
Like the kind Leech, whose pencil yet could draw
Moral and text and tears in all he saw:—
Witness the "Blighted Being," in his teens,
The Clown's Girl-wife, dying behind the scenes,
"Pater familias" duly bending o'er
"Cold meats," that have been duly "blessed before,"
"The Furriner," at whom the British Nation
No longer 'Eaves a 'arf brick's detestation;
The Braggart Sportsman challenging his doom,
The puny Crossing-Sweeper with his broom,
His little lordship envying him the job—

Of Brothers all! Is it to laugh or sob?—
Ecclesiasticus without the sneer
La Manchas Knight with love-tipped sword and spear.

THE BRONTËS

THREE violets, growing on the waste obscure,
Three stars alone upon a midnight sky,
Three nightingales that never learned to fly,
Three broken hearts, wild, passionate, and pure,
Misunderstood, unschooled save to endure—
How lowly were their lives, their thoughts how high;
Their works so dauntless, and themselves so shy,
In consciousness of right alone secure,
With knowledge only how to love and pray!
Did ever any from such scanty store
Gather so large a hoard, meet and unmeet?
Did ever lives so write themselves away,
Or ever any woman hands before
Pour such a bitter ointment at Love's feet?

TO GEORGE ELIOT

O RARE grand woman from whose lion's strength
Comes forth a sweetness garnered in all fields
Where Thought its richest, purest honey yields,
O mind of man and woman's heart at length,
Joined by God's hand in union, perfect, true,
Whose fruit is Wisdom, like a Father's grave
And Love, surpassing any Mother's, brave;
Our Age unlovely counts of such but few.

O watcher on the Tower who usherest in
The better day which "martyred men" foresaw
When sacred Truth shall her good reign begin
And all shall own her sway and heed her law,—
Thou knowest it not, but thou hast been to me,
One of the Choir unseen, thou prayest to be!

BURNS

REMEMBER little town of Ayr,
That he who all your luster wrought,
Sped through your streets in mad despair
And for the Philistines made sport.

JANE WELSH CARLYLE

IF you could live your life again,
Despite all pain
You'd choose to be his wife again,
Wouldn't you, Jane?

BOSWELL

WHAT would our Johnsons be
Without such fellows?
Mute as an organ, sure,
Wanting the bellows.

SAINT BRIDGET'S DAY

A SISTER'S days were sweet at Rydal Mount,
Yet had I given them for just one other:—
A rare and cloudless day at Mackery End,
With the incomparable Brother.

EMERSON

AH, how they hung upon his lips,
Those lofty country-folk,
Above the dripping tallow dips
Great light shone as he spoke.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

A PATRIOT, lover of the poor, not power,
He kept the New Commandment of the Law,
A Watchman, singing as he paced the tower,—
God grant we catch a glimpse of what he saw.

ON A LATE VICTORIAN

THINGS seen from "A College Window,"
Have cloyed in a few stern years,—
Of those viewed from the South Sea House
When still read, through their tears!

UNDER THE WIZARD'S SPELL

SUCH an aggravating boy!
Knotted shoe string, broken toy,
Playmates striving to decoy
Yet he nothing heeds.
Unlearned task, neglected work,
What cares he, the little shirk,
While pursued through mire and murk
The MacGregor speeds!

Pales the light of common day
As he reads, and far away
Life grows great, or grave, or gay;
This wise runs the tale:—
Right comes ever by its own,
Evil shall be overthrown,
Heroes by their deeds are known,
Only cowards fail.

Dream, dream while you may, dear boy,
Nor let prosy facts annoy:
For you, as for bold Rob Roy,
Foes are lurking near;
You shall wake to meet them, pray
That high faith you hold to-day
Yours may be, and in the fray
Nought can make you fear.

DESTINY

1789

OF noble lineage and name,
Of fine old English stock she came,
A high-bred, gracious, placid dame,
Stately and tall.
With measured step and pirouette
She danced the solemn minuet
In General Washington's own set
At that first ball.

1889

Alas, what blows are dealt by fate!
When the great day we celebrate
Shall her descendants, with the great,
Dance and make merry?
Alack! But one is to the fore,
Her grandson's son, who lords it o'er
The village school, a mile or more
From Dobbs, his ferry!

A CITY SONNET

BROOKLYN BRIDGE

ATHWART the sky it stretches, like a bow
Of promise seemingly, since night and day,—
While to the sea the river feels its way,—
Men press in expectation, to and fro,
As if they thought to find with hopes aglow,
The treasure-trove, which the child-minded say
Lies at the rainbow's either end—stay, stay
There is a City whither all shall go
Where no one ever seeketh e'en his own,
Nor ever any hearken to the cry
"'Tis nought, 'tis nought," for barter is unknown,
Where gates of light swing open for a sigh,
And that for which all things on earth are sold,
Is trod on, for the City's streets are gold!

A LULLABY

O LIFE, life, life!
Thou art fair but to the child,
To man, thou art toil and strife,
Sorrow thou art to the wife,
To youth, th'art chaos wild!

O days, days, days!
Ye are not what ye seem,
Ye are not for Poet's lays,
Ye are not for Lover's praise—
Sleep, sleep, my child, and dream!

O night, night, night!
My darling, 'tis the best!
'Tis calmness after the fight
'Tis sweetness after the light,
'Tis rest, my child, 'tis rest!

AUGUST, 1878

I SEE the bloom upon the distant hills,
  Divinely blue, immeasurably deep,
A sudden rapture all my being fills,
  For very gladness, darling, I could weep.

So in their purple depths were thy rare eyes
  Inscrutably divine, divinely true
When first we met, where peaks and peaks arise
  To meet the ether's poorer, paler blue.

I look again; the bloom is lost in mist,
  That came I know not whence I know not
    when,
Anon, by Heaven's own glorious sunlight kissed
  And now bedimmed by fog from out the fen.

So in their hot wild tears were thy grand eyes,
  When last we parted on the mountain's brow,
Blinded by passion's heat and grief's surprise,
  But then, all radiance, all cloud-crowned now.

MINE OWN PEOPLE

A CALVINISTIC training for a far-off Heaven,
A disregard for this world where we live and move,
A weight of melancholy and of mirth a leaven
A knowledge of but little else than how to love.

MY VANISHED YOUTH

I SAW thee last upon the mountain top
Viewing the world which seemed thy very own,
When I went wandering down the steep hillside,
In the sweet morning-time, unknown, alone.

And thee wert shading with thy hand, thine eyes,
Watching the sun rise in the kindling east,
At noon, I could not see thee, for the glare
Nor hear thee, for thy matin hymn had ceased.

Just when thy vision faded from my sight,
I do not know, I cannot tell just where,
A sudden glory, from the setting sun,
Lights up the mountain-top—thou art not there!

And now 'tis eventide and I have borne
The Day's hard burden, and its burning heat,
'Twill soon be night, Death's night is near at hand,
Ah, my lost Youth, next morning shall we meet?

TO-DAY

THE youth thinks he holds the world's scepter,
Thinks Time and Space are his own,
Till years prove his wine to be water,
His hardly earned bread, a stone.

He'll get used, he will, to disaster,
And by and by to defeat,
And be willing to own the world "master."
To kiss its old tyrannous feet.

He'll see till he ceases to wonder,
The spectacle cease to appal,
The brass and the tinkling cymbal
Drive Charity to the wall.

For Love means the cross as much to-day
As it did in the days of old,
And Truth means the rack as alway,
And Fame means hunger and cold.

The world has grown old in its struggle,
Is stooped and wrinkled and gray,
And sin and sorrow and care have aged—
The only new thing is—To-day.

TO-DAY

Yes, To-day is King over all, my boy,
To-day is King over all;
Own its sway, do its work, heed its call, boy,
And down at its mighty feet fall.

I HAVE LOVED AND BEEN LOVED

I HAVE loved and been loved;
What more can earth give—
To love is to live.

I have gained and have lost—
Passed power to save—
To love is to have.

I don't comprehend God
But He comprehends me—
By and by I may see.

Was it really worth while—
One moment of youth
In a lifetime of ruth?

Such night and such storm
For one lightning's gleam
To shatter our dream!

TO YOUNG AMERICA

OH, Scion of a more than Queen,
Throned 'twixt her warder seas,
A mother is a mother still
E'en when with tottering knees
She drains the brazen, blinding cup
Of folly, to the lees.

Such largess earth has yielded her
As who shall count or say,
But greed of more, and more, and more
Has ground her heart away.
Her hands lay hold on landmarks, and
There's none to say her nay.

Oh, with the cloak of charity
Walk backward and enfold
Her mad, bedizzened, graceless form
Her wild dishevelled gold
Forevermore, and let to-day
Be as a tale that's told.

HYMN

GLORY be to God on high!
Peace on earth, good will from Heaven!
Unto you a child is born!
Unto you a Son is given.
Thus the holy angels sang,
Heaven with the choral rang,
While a lone star onward guides,
Where God's Christmas gift abides.

Shepherds heard that hymn of love
Sounding from the depths above,
Wondering saw the gleam afar
Of that holy, pilgrim star,
Guided by its rays divine,
Sages to the manger bring,
With the treasures of the mine,
Worship's sweeter offering.

Ah, that star has never set,
But it shines in glory yet
Ever guarding, guiding still
Patient hearts that do His will.
Light of Lights, shine on our way,
Gift of Gifts, be ours alway,
So when toils and tears shall cease,
Christ may be indeed our Peace.

GOLDENROD ON STAR ISLAND

LIKE a seared conscience turned to stone,
  Or anguish shaped in rock,
Or petrified the ocean's moan,
  Caught up by storm and shock—

They lie heaped high on ocean's breast,
  The awful Isles of Shoals,
Black neath the sky, while east and west,
  The sea untiring rolls.

And green things hardly dare to wake
  Out of that stony bed,
Choked like the words the preacher spoke
  That fruitless fell and bled.

But there it was that summer day,
  Deep at the rock's black base,
The Goldenrod on graceful spray
  Lifting its shining face!

In vain the siren sea beguiled,
  In vain the storm assailed,
It grew—and on it Heaven smiled,
  'Twas girded, armed, and mailed.

GOLDENROD ON STAR ISLAND

It only saw a strip of sky,
  It only heard the sea,
And yet it opened wide its eye
  In brave simplicity.

Dear Flower, let me learn of thee,
  I too for one brief hour,
Fixed on a reef in Time's wide sea
  Live neath an unseen Power!

And glimpses of the sky, I see,
  And O, forevermore,
The music of Eternity,
  Floats from the unknown shore.

Pray God, my soul, thou too, mayst rest,
  Through blinding storm and shock,
Unmoved on Time's unquiet breast,
  In the shadow of the Rock.

RELIGION

'TIS soundness of the heart,
'Tis saneness of the mind,
'Tis Naaman in Rimmon's house
The living God to find.

MOONLIGHT

I NEVER asked to lay a weary head,
Upon his breast,
Only to feel his shoulder 'neath the load,
Ah, that was rest.

Only to have my fears cried down the wind,
By his brave laugh,
The flail's rude blow on blow softened and soothed
By his dear chaff!

And my possessions all things beautiful
Were ever made,
Sun, moon, and stars, still streams and pastures green
Never to fade.

"WITHIN YOU"

WHY am I taught to pray,
"Be done on earth, Thy will,"
And in the selfsame breath to say,
"Deliver us from ill,"
Unless it be
I come to see,
Day after day, from morn till even,
That I am all there is of earth
And all there is of Heaven.

REST

I WONDER where it is, the spot of earth,
Where I shall lay me down at last to sleep,
Where sound of industry or strife or mirth,
Or music, or the sight of those that weep,
Shall reach my ears no more.

Shall it be here under my native skies?
Heaven grant it, for I think I could not rest
Neath alien stars, strange sunset and sunrise,
Away from those that know and love me best,
Upon another shore.

I cannot know, it may be far away,
Where even now, mankind pass to and fro,
Conquered or conquering, listless or at bay,
Or in some lonely hamlet heaped with snow,
In sound of ocean's roar.

Why need I care, summer shall follow spring,
Winter the autumn; though I know it not
Each season shall its fitting mantle fling
Dead leaves, or snow, or blossoms on the spot,
And all is as before.

REST

I shall be satisfied, while life shall last,
If only ye who love me here awhile,
Will know and understand, I love you past
All feeble sign of word or deed or smile,
Dear God, I ask no more.

I LOVED THEE ONCE

I LOVED thee once, long years ago,
As something more than human,
I love thee now for what thou art—
So grand, so good a woman,
That he who should dare to call thee "mine"
Must be less human than divine!

BROOKLYN TOWN

DEAR Home for thee I yearn,
My eyes toward thee I turn,
Old Brooklyn Town.
Thy sunsets from the "Heights,"
Thy bridges, starry nights,
Thy glittering harbor-lights,
Old Brooklyn Town!

Guarded by "Liberty,"
The Island at thy knee,
Old Brooklyn Town,
Through radiant beauty sweeps,
To where the Beacon keeps
Safe watch and ward, nor sleeps,
Old Brooklyn Town.

Beside thee—softly tread,
The City of the Dead,
Old Brooklyn Town,
Lies very, very still,
And tears like dews distill
Upon each glade and hill,
Old Brooklyn Town.

BROOKLYN TOWN

The ocean is thy toy,
Mid-summer's rampant joy,
  Old Brooklyn Town—
Give back my youth to me,
I lent it all to thee.
Oh, City by the Sea,
  Old Brooklyn Town.

ANNIE LAURIE

AT evening time I dreamt I died,
And went where all the loves are biding,
Of kindred, friend, bridegroom, and bride,
And entered without need of guiding.

Strangely I felt myself at home,
Familiar were both scene and setting;
Or could I have been there before,
I kept remembering and forgetting.

It seemed Love's very self was there,
But as effulgence, not as being,
Not like to those of Patmos Isle,
The revelations of my seeing.

There were no gates on every side,
Nor candlesticks with branches seven,
Nor on a pallid horse was Death,
Yet I was sure I was in Heaven.

I saw the essence of a smile,
And dear eyes newly grown immortal,
When soft, as by a miracle,
Was opened song's eternal portal.

And lo, I heard, or seemed to hear,
  Was ever like in human story,
One singing far beyond the stars,
  One singing to me, "Annie Laurie!"

ENVIRONMENT

A PANSY blossom, in a field of grain,
Which yielded to the eater daily bread
And the young ravens stilled and comforted,
Gave seed unto the sower on the plain,
And in the market-place laid gain to gain,
Yet while the hungry soil and men were fed,
The heart of the wild pansy blossom bled
And agonized and died, alas, in vain;—
A purple splendor circled round and round
With flesh and toil and avarice and greed,
O Heart of Gold, all self-consumed at last,
I cannot tell thee why thou here art found;
I cannot tell why hunger is and need,
The lot, I know, it is not ours to cast.

HOLY INNOCENTS

'TIS finished, the enraptured breezes stir
With hovering angels, while each swaying bough
A censer seems, with frankincense and myrrh
Soothing the night. The Orient Kings but now,
Forewarned of God, return another way:
In the deep hollow of His hand all things,
Grown strangely still, await the Heaven-born day
Of peace on earth—when lo, a cry! that stings
The brooding silences like thrust of steel,
A Voice, O God! in Rama. Even so
That all might be fulfilled;—One woman's weal
Is ever purchased with another's woe.

THE RETURN

NAY, but I will arise and go
Unto my Father, and will say,
O Father, in the endless realm
Of Books, I went astray.
My days in reading riotous
I passed, and fain had filled my head
With the last word of science, Lord,
No matter wheresoe'er it led.
To quench my still increasing thirst,
To ever-widening streams I went.
Tracing their source, I lost my way.
Night came apace, my faith was spent;
And it was my inheritance.
In breast milk it was yielded me.
For it this blood now in my veins
Leaped to be spilled in ecstasy.
I am not worthy of a place,
Father, in Thy house. Now I know
Obedience to be its base
And pinnacle; and, though I go
From earth to sky, from seed to star,
From drop of dew to central sun,
There art Thou, in this primal law,—
God is where'er His will is done.

THE RETURN

Hence, O my Father, unto me,
A famished prodigal, assign
Even an hireling's place until
Thy will is mine, and I am Thine.
At home in Thy wide universe,
My fire by night, my cloud by day,
This fiat,—in obedience
Find thou the truth, the life, the way.

A WOMAN'S LITANY

GOD, the Father, name Supreme,
Guard young maidens while they dream,
Lest, awaking, they blaspheme.
Hear us Holy Father.

God, the Son, of Mary born,
Teach all women, travail-worn,
Love's true symbol is a thorn.
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Holy Ghost, that increate,
Didst brood upon the waters great,
Like Thee, may we only—wait.
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Ever blessed Trinity,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Maid, and wife, and matron, we
Pray Thee, hear our Litany.

RETROSPECT

I AM strong now and sane,
Was it less than inane
To consume candle flame
At so sorry a game?

We reap what was sown
And we sow the unknown—
How wise we have grown
With our hearts turned to stone.

Never heed, by and by
We shall both of us die
And our secret shall pass
Into daisies and grass.

The white slab shall tell
How "God doeth all well,"
And to none 'twill appear
That we perished last year!

TRAGEDY

A THISTLE purple, passionate
Wooed a Daisy delicate,
A girl tore her petals, one by one
And he went white from sun to sun!

"COMPLIRE"

THE blurred horizon rim
Grows dimmer and more dim
Till blotted out. Alack,
The floor of Heaven is black.
Yet when the day went right
I loved thee, listening Night,—
Thy stillness and thy stars,
Thy dews and fragrancy,
Our Lady of the Moon
Her pilgrim tides that soon
Or late, are lost at sea;
The wistful murmuring of the trees
The wonder of the Pleiades
All were my simple fee
A radiant time that was
But never more can be.
A cloud no bigger than his hand
Has hidden sea and sky and land
My love has fled and left me but the dark,
The aching dark that to my heart shall hark:—
O Night, I know the eclipsing hour
Our passion flower
Began to pale,—
'Twas at his first cold glance
When with a mind askance
He hastened to depart

A student friend did ail,
Oh, let me not recall
Each subterfuge and art,
His failures at the sunset tryst
For "duty" his new-forged regard
His feigned despair of "worthiness"
His counterfeited gloom and stress—
So far, so deep he had to fall
My temple's veil to rive
And Oh, desire dies hard
So long it took to teach my heart
Men may be traitors and yet live,
Nay, thrive in the impartial sun
That warms a Judas and a Christ
And punishes not one.
'Till now what had been space and time to me
But Love's environ and Love's opportunity?
What need have I of either, wanting Love
And what, I ask, of a child's God above,
With:—Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my eyes to keep
From tears, for Jesus' sake—
To whom then shall I make
My cry? The heavens spin and I reel.
Dear God, another God reveal
To whom, Oh teach me how to pray
Prayers I need never more unsay—
Kind Shepherd Night, a stricken sheep
Begs entrance to the fold of Sleep.

MY EPITAPH

EARTH asked for bread of me, alone,
I fled, and left with it, this stone.
Or this:
The daisies once were neath my feet,
And now they are above my head,
Read in their faces brave and sweet,
Better than grave-stone ever said.

AFTER HEINE

THOU'RT like unto a lily
So pure thou art and fair,
I look on thee with yearning
Then bow my heart in prayer,

Beseeching God who made thee
So like a flower to be,
So like a flower to keep thee,
To all eternity.

TO A RECLAIMED SOFA

LATE an old and tattered thing
It would seem you'd had your fling,
But not so;
You've embraced our family
For full a century
And I know!

Not couch of gentle fame
Sung for the Olney Dame
Was more staid
Than you of lion paw
Adorned with wing and claw
Nobly made.

A Covenanting branch
Of the church, my people stanch,
With regret
A superfluity
Of knottiness I see
In them yet.

Still they've softened since the time,
A Papist in his prime
And "His Grace"

Asked a kirk-born lass to be
His wife, when promptly she
Marred his face—

A Grandmama of mine,
She wedded a divine!
Her great-great
Of bold and girded loin
Intrepid at the Boyne
Met his fate.

But Sabbaths long and schisms
And Shorter Catechisms
And the Law
Have ceased to terrorize,
What do they symbolize
Wing and claw?

That the lion and the dove,
Shall lie down and wondrous love
Fill the air
When war no more is learned
And by no man, no man spurned
Anywhere.

What! Clawfoot preaching peace
With strife and hate's surcease
Near and far!
When my grandsires' sermons strong
(Not so broad as they were long)
Were all War!

A BIRTHDAY WISH

HOWEVER fond, however dear,
True friends address you,
No wish, I know, is more sincere
Than my "God bless you."

A DUKE'S A DUKE FOR A' THAT

KEEP watch and ward, McAllister,
O'er thine unbroken line,
For Marlborough deducted one
Which left then ninety-nine,
But Sutherland is on our shores,
The awful gap to fill
Pro tem; take heart, the country's safe
We'll have four hundred still.

THE AMERICAN GIRL'S APPEAL

AM I "Priscilla," of the bard,
For "Miles" pursued?
Or apple-paring "Huldah," who
By "Zeke" was wooed?
Or the intrepid warrior maid,
With fire-arms
More thoroughly acquainted, than
With hymns and psalms?
Am I the poor and petty thing
That Howells makes me,
The stone that sharpens up the wit
Of him that takes me?
Or am I Mary Wilkins' kind,
Bilious, inane,
All conscience and self-consciousness,
Never quite sane?
Am I the Anglo-Yankee prig
Of Mrs. Ward?
Does she or does she not portray
Quite by the card?
Tell me I'm each or all of these;
My faults unfurl
To every breeze; but am I, pray,
The Gibson girl?

Am I the worldling he depicts,
  The "up-to-date,"
Self-seeking, mercenary, shrewd,
  A thing to hate?
My sweet girl cousins 'cross the sea
  Du Maurier drew,
And every one adores, while I—
  What can I do?
'Tis *Punch's* dowager gets off
  The naughtiness,
But I am made to voice it. Oh,
  Have I redress?
What knight will to the rescue, who
  Will speak me fair,
And on his heart and pencil my
  True colors wear?

AT THE DOOR

TELL me before you go—
You really do not know?
He. I really don't.
She. Absurd!
He. I don't, upon my word!
She. We've been engaged a week—
No, no, please let me speak.
He. But, dear, I take it back.
She. You interrupt me, Jack.
We've been engaged a week—
Don't try to look so meek—
And you really cannot say
If my eyes are black or gray?
He. Love, my land of promise lies
In the rainbow of your eyes!
They're red, dear, when you weep
Beneath their lashes' sweep,
And blue as summer seas,
When all goes as you please;
And tawny when you're vexed,
And violet when perplexed,
And I've seen them green, you know,
when—
She. Good night, sir, you may go!

AN EPITAPH

DEAD in the churchyard, where 'twas born,
doth lie
My Calvinistic creed. Mark, passer-by,
That it came home to die.

Nor brief nor barren was its earthly day.
The Lord gave, and—are we not taught to
say?—
The Lord hath taken away.

IN THE LANE

WHAT is so fair as a lane in June,
A leafy, mystic, lovely lane,
When the joyous birds are all atune
And dreamy shadows wax and wane?

But all of beauty was not there
Until she wandered down alone—
A gleam of sun aslant her hair—
My best girl, but not yet my own.

In the leafy shade that afternoon
I breathed my humble heartfelt prayer.
What is so dark as a lane in June
When "No" is softly answered there?

THE THREE GRACES

FAITH is a budding maiden,
Ecstatic, cloistered, wan.
Hope is an ancient spinster
That still believes in man;
But Charity's a mother,
And all her geese are swan!

QUESTIONINGS

AFTER WORDSWORTH

I MET a little cottage girl
  Eighteen years old, she said,
Her brain was tired with the whirl
  Of questions in her head.

She asked me: "What's an 'optimist'?"
  "Good luck made flesh!" I cried.
"And what, then, is a pessimist?"
  "Bad luck personified!"

With that she asked me to explain
  A Christian scientist.
Said I: "He's one who cures a pain
  That doesn't quite exist."

"And what is an agnostic, pray?"
  "Sweetheart, 'I do not know.' "
She turned her pretty head away—
  "To Vassar I must go!"

"Please don't, until you've answered me
  One question—you've asked four"—
"My little wife, dear, will you be?
  I ask for love, not lore!"

Five years ago to-night, my eyes!
  I hear a sweet voice croon
A lullaby, while Tommy cries,
  "But what is in the moon?"

THE RETORT COURTEOUS

ONCE on the mart, proud Poverty
Met strutting Affluence,
And bowed him to the very ground
In mocking deference.

"Why dost thou bow so low," sneered Wealth,
"Thy head is at thy feet";
"From force of habit," Want replied;
"I strive to make ends meet."

THE LONDON *TIMES*

OH, red rag to the Irish bull,
Great thunderer,
How came you to be such a dull
Old blunderer?
None but the donkey, daft and droll,
Feeds on thistles,
None other would have swallowed whole
Those epistles!

THE WISHING GATE VISITED

BY A PESSIMIST

I OFTEN wish my ancestors
Had died while they were teething,
Or that they hadn't given themselves
The trouble of bequeathing
The gift of life to me, for which
I own I hardly thank them,
Nor 'mong the benefactors of
Their race can scarcely rank them.

I often wish I had remained
In the heaven of the poet,
Which "lies around" our infancy,
Tho' only Wordsworths know it.
I often wish that I were now
Safe in the Heaven of Heavens,
The "Choir Invisible," as sung
By Mrs. Marion Evans.

I often wish I had been born
An ignorant Zulu,
Or in some sweet and dreamy land
A Khan in Xanadu.

THE WISHING GATE VISITED

I often wish I didn't wish
  As often as I do,
I wish and wish, and wish and wish,
  I wish the whole day through.

If only wishes horses were,
  Oh, what a stud I'd keep!
With steeds of morn to prance upon,
  And nightmares in my sleep.
But I should die of ennui then,
  'Tis my fee and my entail,
Oh, when shall I be satisfied?
  When shall desire fail?

A SOCIALIST

SHE sews for a mantua-maker,
A little hump-backed maid,
Day in, day out, she is overworked
And grievously underpaid.

But she knows there's a God in heaven
For proof is at no loss:—
He marred His own handiwork, in her,
And gave His Son to the Cross.

Could she but meet with the wounded Christ
When the glare of day grows dim,
How she would pray His pity on her
And pour her pity on Him.

THE THISTLE

THE man's prodigious vanities
Surpassed the ancient Pharisee's
Supremest notch.
He summed up in a single word
His benefits, and thanked the Lord
That made him Scotch.

A bitter controversialist,
His gall-dipped arrows never missed
Or foe, or friend.
He loved dispute, courted a schism,
And had the Shorter Catechism
At his tongue's end.

He, for the love of God, could hate
With a revenge insatiate,
And found deep peace
In thinking of the woes reserved
For those who from the "doctrine" swerved,
When time should cease.

Thus was he in his youth, untried:
To-day so is he typified,—
Though old and sere—

By that "burr blossom" keen, then bland,
The symbol of his native land,
The "thistle dear."

The thistle, bristling in the spring,
Unlovely, rough and harsh, a thing
To shun and fear;
In summer, purple, passionate,
Hurting remorselessly as fate,
Holding none near.

But mark the flower when its race
Is closing, miracle of grace!
An aureole,
Self-luminous and sweet, behold
From out that tenement unfold
The thistle's soul.

E'en so my old-time worthy friend
Has stacked his guns, as near its end
Draws the sad strife.
Faith means no more theology;
Nor hope, self-love; and charity
Rules all his life.

His silver locks are like a crown
Of thorns changed into thistle-down.
A tender grace,
Like moonlight on a tranquil sea,
Whose storms have long since ceased to be,
Shines in his face.

A SONG

A DAY seems like a month, my boy
The month a year, I ween,
Gin ye be waitin' on the joy
O' wedding thy sweet queen.

Sae lang, sae lang, ye ha' to earn,
But, man, ye needna' rue,
Ye ha' the longer time to learn
How to be leal and true.

The years will soon gae swift and ill,
O, wait na till they're few
And ye be gangin' down the hill
To then be leal and true.

A VALENTINE

THE day is coming, Favorite mine
When I may choose a Valentine,
And all to you, to you alone
Sub rosa, I shall make it known,
Just what I want in mind and heart.
To play that rôle, act out that part,
And just to meet thy heart's dear plan,
He must be just—a gentleman,
Nor more nor less in his soul's soul,
If he'd stand first in my bead rôle;
And he must have a wit like wine
Intoxicating, sweet, and fine.

And he must sing in such a tone,
Shall make each loving heart his own;
Then he must read the best of books
And sermons see in stones and brooks,
And he must grave or playful be,
As suited to my mood, you see!
Nor rich nor poor in pounds and pence,
But have a goodly competence.
Be proud and generous and true,
In fine, he must be just like You.

THROUGH LIFE

WHAT is it softens down the flail's rude blow?
The lightsome chaff.
What is it helps the sad, sad, world to go?
The joyous laugh.

BLISS

HE was a little Negro
And sat upon the fence,
He hadn't any father
Nor any mother, hence
He was a little orphan
And hadn't any sense.

He thought the earth a circle,
But flat as any floor;
Was sure it scarce extended
Beyond the river shore.
And thought the stream the Jordan
Which Israel passed o'er.

He knew the sun at twilight
Just put himself to bed
Underneath a coverlet
Of purple, blue, and red;
Except on stormy evenings
When he used black instead.

He b'lieved the stars in heaven
Were blessèd angels' eyes

"A peepin' froo the openin's
  Ter see who steals the pies"—
At least, so said his auntie,
  And she was very wise.

And then he thought his conscience
  The throbbing 'neath his ribs
That beat so fast and loudly
  Whenever he told fibs,
Which was often, each one prefaced
  By "True as eber yer libs!"

And he was sure Elijah
  Would come for him some night,
And take him in a chariot
  All glorious with light,
To a sweet and happy country
  Where everyone was white!

He was a little Negro
  And sunned him on the fence,
He hadn't any knowledge
  Nor any money, hence
He was supremely happy—
  Each has his recompense!

"B" OR NO "B"—THAT'S THE QUESTION

I REALLY think my sister May
Is stupider than me;
Because she said the other day
There wasn't any "b"
In honey-comb, and spelt it just
"C-double o-m-e!"
Of course she's wrong. I told her so;
There's got to be a "bee"
Somewhere in honey-comb, because
He makes it, don't you see!

JACK WRITES TO HIS BROTHER

I HASTEN to inform you, Will,
The fact may not be true—next week,
That I'm engaged to Bessie. Still
I'm not quite certain; so to speak
We're harnessed—if we ever go
Is quite another thing, you know!

We're all right up to date, old chap;
But Bess is such a summer sky
All sunshine or all thunder clap,
I never know but each good-by
May be the last. There's many a miss
Between the mustache and the kiss.

I wonder if all girls are so,
Did Mother act like that, egad!
And if she did, I only know
'Twas a great pity of poor Dad,
He must have been a world more meek
In those days than he is—this week!

I think I never lived before;
She is my conscience and my creed,

And she is mine to still adore
  As I am hers in word and deed—
If not all up when you get back
  You'll be my best man, won't you?

JACK.

AN EPITAPH

ASLEEP upon the breast of earth
This little headstone under,
Lies one who scarce survived his birth
Nine days, his name was Wonder!

THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE—LIKEWISE THE BOW

'TWAS only a Darkey's Fiddle
Only a Darkey's Bow,
But that isn't any reason
Why they should fight, you know.

Perhaps a Stradivarius
Or an Amati could
Show vastly better manners
But I question if they would—

"It is I that makes the music,"
The Violin declares,
"Bear that in mind, you silly Bow
And don't put on such airs!"

"Oh, it's you that makes the music,"
Cries the indignant Bow,
"It's you, you empty-headed flat,
Since when, I'd like to know."

"Since when? Good gracious! from the first,
'Twas all that you could do
To scrape a living by my aid,
You hair-brained booby, you!"

Matters from this grew worse and worse,
From words to blows they fell,
And what the upshot might have been
Is very hard to tell.

Had not the Cat, who'd heard it all,
Leaped to the mantel piece
To separate the irate pair
And bid their brawlings cease.

'Twas quite the other way around,
She angered them the more,
And soon the Fiddle, Cat, and Bow
Lay sprawling on the floor!

Lay sprawling on the floor (but that
Has been remarked before)
All broken up, even the Cat
To speak in metaphor—

With this did Pomp, that good old man,
Come home as was his way
When, as Gray says, "The curfew tolled
The knell of parting day."

He saw! and cried, "This yere's de Cat,
The triflin' nigger Sneak,"
Then stooped to gather up the chips
While tears ran down his cheek.

Never—as Wordsworth says—"did he
  Pick up a single stone"
To hurl at the retreating Cat
  But added with a moan:

"I never ain't had any fun
  And dere ain't none ahead.
Glad folks am dem that am asleep—
  Dis chile will go to bed."

Moral

This Fable teaches several things:
  When wretched get to sleep,
Keep out of family quarrelings,
  And look before you leap!

THE RETORT POSITIVE

THE voice of one crying from Maine,
"Trusts are private affairs, I maintain."
But the people said, "So
Is the ballot, you know,
A private affair, Mister Blaine."

RECKONING

"LE JEU N'EN VAUT PAS LA CHANDELLE."

BUT who has the game, if you please!
Ned throws over Maude for Elise
But dies ere he ever is wed
(Of heart complications, 'tis said).
Maude marries, but starves on a flat;
Elise lives alone with her cat,
And the candle is spent—all the same;
Will you tell me, please, who has the game?

TOMMY SEES A METEOR

GOD threw a star away, last night,
Yes, I saw Him do it,
For I was lying wide awake
The minute that He threw it.

It went like lightning 'cross the sky,
The singularest thing,
And looked, it did, exactly like
'Twas fired from a sling.

I jumped right up and called to Ted
To come and see it fall,
But he is such a sleepy-head,
He didn't care, at all.

I really wonder where it went;
Why, just as like as not,
'Way to the end of the Rainbow
And fell into the Pot!

THE SERMON

FAITH was the subject matter and
The hero Abraham,
How he had offered up his son
As sacrificial lamb
But for the timely presence of
An inoffensive ram.

All were enjoined to have such faith
As Father Abraham had:
To gather sticks and lay the fire
And even to be glad
To hold and bind for sacrifice
Some sinless little lad.

For lo!—and such dramatic verve—
Caught in the thicket, see
The scapegoat in sheep's covering,
There through no jugglery
But doomed, pre-doomed since time began
A sufferer to be.

Follows the peroration fine—
God will Himself repay,

Himself provide the victim, and
  The murdered—"Let us pray."
The benediction spoken, each
  Went on his homeward way.

The preacher was a Calvinist
  And Abraham was a Jew,
The listeners were Orthodox
  In every shade and hue,
But the ram was an Agnostic—
  As I had been, or you.

A "REVISED" NURSERY RHYME

DING, dong, bell,
Baby's out of H-ll.
Who put him in?
John Cal-vin.
What took him out?
The D. D.'s doubt.

IN CHURCH

I WATCH the worshippers who come
And softly take their places
And only bury in their hands
Their grave and humble faces.

I see the sunlight streaming through
The panes, where meekly turning
Their eyes to heaven, the pictured saints
The martyr's crown are earning.

I hear the preacher's solemn voice,
The organ's sweet vibration,
The words of psalmist and of sage,
I offer my oblation.

And then I hear the hymn, O God!
They cry as they were stranded
Upon the Rock of Ages, not
As they were safely landed.

And all schemes seem inadequate
And all prayers unavailing
To meet the need of hearts that break
Into such hopeless wailing.

IN CHURCH

It sounds an echo, far above
The empty words that follow,
And makes the preacher's soft low voice
Seem meaningless and hollow.

And long he talks in worn-out phrase
Of old religious platitude,
And for that he and his are "saved,"
Is filled with deepest gratitude—

Great God in Heaven! I'd rather plunge
Down in the deep of bitterest fountain
For some forgotten soul, than land
"Saved," Noah-like, on highest mountain.

I worship not their God, my soul
Breaks through their creeds' poor tissue,
Nor cowers in servile craven fear,
But waits with God the issue.

Deep under all, high over all
I only hear the Master—
"Come unto me"—in joy or pain
In victory or disaster,

"Come unto me"—To Thee, O Christ,
To neither church nor preacher,
Set up Thy Temple in my heart,
Be Thou my only Teacher!

TRUE

THERE always will be pretty girls
In every age and every clime
With raven eye and auburn curls
All powerful—for a time!

There always will be foolish boys
Of every land and every tongue
Who'll love and love the pretty toys
To madness—while they're young!

There always will be broken hearts
And lovers' moans and shattered ties—
Till girls are made with other arts,
And boys with other eyes!

HIGH LIFE

SHE gave an announcement party
'Twas nothing if not bizarre,
Congratulations were hearty,
The supper was by Pinard,
The decorations by Kendee,
The directoire frock by Worth—
I say is it any wonder
A girl should ask for the earth
After that from her intended?
She did and then came the crash
The brilliant engagement ended
As it began—in a mash!

TO BOB

A LEAP-YEAR VALENTINE

ROBERT, wealthiest friend of mine,
My soul doth crave no gold but thine,
So by the following list, I pray
Thou'lt swear thy very heart away.
O unto me thine ear incline
And yield thee with a will supine
To be—oh! be my Valentine!

By thy patent leather's shine,
By thy crush hat's broidered sign,
By thy pretty pendant fob,
By thy ample foot so knob,
By thy waltzing so divine,
By thy lisp and drawl and whine,
B-o-b, my Valentine!

By thy long ancestral line
So long thine enemies and mine—
Say 'tis endless, swaying still
A clothes-line from a window-sill.
By that labored wit of thine
Broader at the point than fine,
B-o-b, my Valentine!

TO BOB

By the many hearts that pine
For that catholic love of thine,
That worships at each Virgin's shrine
B-o-b, my Valentine!

LINES ON AN AUTHORESS

THERE was a young lady of letters,
Who got far more fame than her betters;
For every one read
"The Quick and the Dead"
By this cyclonic lady of letters.

ST. VALENTINE'S EVE

(IN IMITATION OF KEATS)

ST. VALENTINE'S Eve—A chilly night!
Yet did the brave young Mortimer get left
No more than Keats's doughty Porphyro,
Who bolts and bars and gates asunder cleft;
For Mortimer was mashed on one whose name
Was also Madeline, tho' easier game!

St. Valentine's Eve he called on her,
Full of sweet glee was lovely Madeline,
For she had found, where long it had lain hid
In an old vase, a little valentine
Sent by her now bald-headed, dear papa
In childhood to her beautiful mama.

They linger in an ecstasy of mirth
Upon its quaint and rare emblazonry,
Hearts gules there were, and flying arrows d'or,
And, underneath, this legend bold they see:
The Rose is red, is red, the Violet blue,
Sugar is sweet, is sweet, and so are you!

Next day, oh, dearest in the calendar!
  Did Mortimer to lovely Madeline
Send box de luxe of Huyler's delicates,
  The candied leaves of rose and violet fine,
With this: The Rose is red, the Violet blue;
Sugar is sweet, is sweet, and so are You!

And underneath, writ with a trembling hand,
  These words: In after years, O Gentle Maid!
If you should find this little valentine
  Hid in some vase of porphyry or jade,
And to your husband show it, in sweet glee—
Whisper your answer, Love—may I be he?

AN IMAGINARY EPISTLE TO LANDOR

"Wordsworth has now written a poem ('Laodamia') which might be fitly read in Elysium, and the gods and heroes gather round to listen."

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

"WITH sacrifice (of sleep) till rising morn"
Could I, dear Landor, by your words inspired,
"Laodamia,"—To the shades forlorn
To "Gods and Heroes" let it be retired!
Why Hamlet isn't in it for a fact,
His father's ghost, at least, remained intact!

Fancy a widow in her mourning clad,
Forth springing her dear husband's wraith to clasp,
"When insubstantial form eludes her grasp."
But fancy how she must have gone half mad
To see, as often as she would embrace
"The phantom part but part to reunite
And reassume its place before her sight!"
Small marvel that—she shrieked and hid her face
And on the palace floor fell down quite flat,
Ghosts shouldn't take themselves apart like that!

And note Protesilaus, the old prig:
"I am not sent to scare thee or deceive"—
How could he talk so in that ghastly rig?
How could he, laughing in his phantom sleeve,
Declare that also to his worth was due
The "boon" of this distracting interview?

And mark Laodamia's slang, dear Wat.
It's really not *au fait*, you know, for one,
A Lady and a Classic and what not,
To say, "Come, 'blooming' hero, sit thee down."
Waving the deed's impossibility,
The epithet it is that startles me!

Still, I don't hold too closely by the book,
But spectres shouldn't poach in quick preserves,
And theft osculatory in a spook
That self-dissecting gets upon the nerves;
Heroes and Gods may like such bric-à-brac,
But living lips for me,

Yours truly,

JACK.

THE REASON

"OH! I know now"—'twas Tommy spoke—
"Why Lady's Slippers grow;
Because sometimes the Brownie folk
Are naughty, don't you know?"

AT THE SIGN OF THE THREE BALLS

AH, what a hostelry is this,
And what a cheerless Boniface!
No bluff and hearty welcome his
Who enters here,
But every guest departing hence,
No matter where he goes, or whence
He came, must leave as recompense
Some souvenir.

But stranger even than the place,
Quitting and entering apace,
Behold the pilgrims, mark each face,
A motley throng.
Footsore and travel-stained, they wear
Abandon of a mad despair,
Or stigma of excess, or air
Of shame and wrong.

But what refreshment may there be,
For him who enters? How may he
Here slake his thirst?—Ah, we shall see.
Mine host appears.

Alas, methinks that sorrow's bread,
Sinking into the soul like lead,
Is the sad food with which he's fed;
His drink is tears!

GRANDFATHER AND CHILD

Child

"WHAT are the wild waves saying,
Grandpa, the whole day long,
That ever amid our playing
I hear but their wild, wild song?"

Grandfather

"Oh, child, I hear no singing,
'Tis but the distant roar
That sounds from the bargain counter
Of our benefactor's store."

Child

"No, no, it is something greater
That speaks to the heart alone;
The voice of the Wanamaker
Sounds in their money-tone."

WHIP-POOR-WILL AND KATY-DID

I WONDER what did Willy do
That he should be chastised,
That he got Katy in it too
I'm not at all surprised.

For Willys have a winning way
And Katys' hearts are kind
And rather plastic, I must say,
And spoony as you'll find.

Birds of a plumage, it is said,
Will always flock together,
And Kate and Will, I'm much afraid,
Were really of one feather.

The birds and insects know it all,
And nightly in the trees—
Especially in early fall—
They watch such flirts as these.

Of course, they know it all, for woods
Are very favorite spots
For boys and girls in lover-moods
For vows and sighs and knots.

Not knots in wood but wooed, my Love,
  Excuse the parallaxing—
One for asking is undone
  The other for the axings!

Did Willy come a handsome flirt
  And play the lover's part
And did Kate listen to the hurt
  Of her poor little heart?

Or was she sure a naughty girl
  And did she lead him on
With her soft hand only to hurl
  To him, with Tom and John,

And Gus and Fred, her little mit?
  "She didn't," many say,
Which gives her then the benefit
  Of doubt unto this day.

And yet they say poor Will, which shows
  He was not all to blame,
Altho' his fault should merit blows,
  Publicity, and shame.

Was it the first time Willy slipped?—
  He'll never do it again,
Kate was so sweet, let him be whipped
  With a big sugar cane.

But if he was a veteran flirt
  That came all tall and dashing
Poor Katy's maiden heart to hurt,
  Then give him a sound thrashing.

Until he learn, in direst need,
  To conjugate aright,
"Imperfect" plighting can but lead
  Into the "present" plight.

THE TRUTH ABOUT POLLY

IT'S "Polly, put the kettle on,"
And "Polly, close the door,"
And "Polly, wash the dishes up,"
And "Polly, sweep the floor."

And "Polly"—till I'm sick of it,
I'm almost never done,
And folks think all I've got to do
Is "put the kettle on."

And Miss Kate Greenaway who made
The pretty picture books
Dressed me up quaint and queer, but it's
The feelin's not "de luxe!"

For things ain't any different,
Since I've had my likeness took,
For I'm scapegoat in the kitchen
If I'm landscape in the book,

So I dare say I'll continue,
Drawing endless cups of tea,
While eyes are made for seeing
Only what they want to see!

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN

"More young women went to college from the city of Brooklyn during the year last past than young men."
Educational Statistics.

"WHERE are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to Vassar, sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?
I never have been at college," he said.

"Then I can't marry you, I'm afraid."
"Nobody asked you, Miss," he said.

AS TO JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

HE never came an angling,
But to settle up a wrangling
And depart;
But one of Salem's daughters,
Like the angel, stirred the waters
Of his heart.

Who would not be a lover,
A millionaire twice over,
And M. P.?
But as fair as of his choosing
Are the fish that still are musing
In the sea.

THE RECKONING

"THE GAME ISN'T WORTH THE CANDLE"

SHE is old and wrinkled and thin,
Gray and as blind as a bat,
All bent like the crookedest pin,
Poor and a spinster at that,
But each night when she goes to rest
In her room beneath the eaves,
She tenderly opens a chest,
And tearfully turns the leaves
Of love letters yellow and old,
But love letters all the same,
That will never, never grow cold
While she can kiss the dear name
Writ bold at the end, by a hand,
That could let hers go, to play
With another, more nice planned,—
But who has the game? I say,
The candle, see, burns to a dot,
He died in a brawl in the street,
The other girl married a sot—
And who has the game? I repeat.

A GRANDMOTHER'S STORY

GOD bless this great America,
In basket and in store,
But you've your native heath, my bairns,
Upon another shore.

And not in princely palaces
Your people had their birth,
But in the straw-thatched cottages
On the green slopes of Perth.

'Twas there that Knox, the Thunderer,
Made his great doctrine known;
That the right of private judgment
Means man's right to hold his own.

But forth came one in priestly garb
Upon the stirring scene,
To say the masses of his church
With sanction of the queen.

He set his altar in the kirk,
His images and dips,
When from the sacred edifice
A little laddie slips.

And hurls a stone with all his might
  And sure aim at the priest,
Crying, "Awa' with idols vain;
  Awa' with idols, beast!"

Then fell the papist hireling
  Upon that thoughtless child;
The fight was on, the factions met,
  The little town went wild.

You'll read in all your history books
  The rioting at Perth,
Set on by that wee Protestant
  From whom you have your birth.

They called him David, bairnies mine,
  Like his namesake of old;
His only weapon was a stone,
  'Gainst error mad and bold.

Aye mind from him we have our line,
  We in this far-off land,
But every ground is sacred ground
  Whereon the faithful stand.

And when you say your prayers at night,
  Ask at the Throne of Grace
"God of our fathers be the God
  Of their succeeding race."

And bless His name for this our day,
When creeds no stone may cast,
Nor any claim the only way
That leads to Him at last,

God bless your great America,
In basket and in store;
Your comings in and goings out,
My bairns, forever more.

TO GORDON PRYOR RICE: WITH A COPY OF THE RUBAIYAT

THE pleasures of the vine, alas!
But sung with such consummate art,
That clergy and girl graduate
Have got the deathless song by heart.

K. C. OF C. C.

"MY dear one when she was alive with the rest
I held her the dearest and loved her the best,"
But now that each morning and evening breeze stirs
O'er her grave, thou art mine, love, because thou wert hers,—My Kate!

TO M. H. B.—: WITH A COPY OF MRS. PRYOR'S "REMINISCENCES."

THESE will serve to recall it,
Our life's happy morn,
When for you and for me, dear,
A friendship was born
So noble, and steadfast
And tender and true,
That to tell the whole story
Would take volume two!

BEFORE THE BURIAL

TO M. H. B.

NOW that thy days have saddened to an end,
How did I love thee, O my friend, my friend?

I loved thee as thirst loves the water brooks,
Or as the midnight student loves his books.

Or as the patriot his native soil,
Or poet the rhymed guerdon of his toil.

I loved thee as the cloud the rainbow arc,
Or as the listening morning loves the lark.

Or as the cloistered nun her rosary,
I joyed to count thy kindnesses to me.

I loved thy faith when mine was shrouded o'er,
Thy courage when mine ebbed at every pore.

I loved thy footsteps coming up the stair
That ever seemed like answer to a prayer.

Thy laughter and thy tears were dear to me—
Now there is neither mirth nor pain with thee.

BEFORE THE BURIAL

Where hast thou wandered in a vast amaze,
Since yester-noon, when parted all our ways?

How often have I left thee at the gate—
Nay, but I will once more, the morn—then wait.

For we shall meet again, O friend, my friend,
And love as we have loved, world without end.

IN MEMORIAM

M. H. B.

SHE loved to lighten up a shadowy spot,
Shrinking from praise as others shrink from blame,
But He who watches Israel, slumbering not,
Shall when His morning breaks tell her dear name.

TO HILDA

AN old Home, an old Friend, an old Book, an
old Shoe,
Pray in all the world is there anything better,
Excepting young Love, yet that ever is new,
Ever paying its debts, yet ever a debtor!—
Since that can't be between us, and it can't
forsooth,
Here's my old, old, old Friendship,
Sweetheart of my Youth!

THE LEADER

E. B. M.

ON Pisgah's crowning summit
Art thou content to stand
For one supernal moment
And view the Promised Land?
Then hear that awful fiat—
"Though thou hast fought and won,
Unflinchingly, another
Shall lead this people on."

Willing? Then art thou worthy
To guide. At Love's behest
Where two or three are gathered
Love's self makes good the rest.
From that divine communion
No Leader can depart,
Even though dead he speaketh
Cheer, to each loyal heart.

TO DELLIE FOR HER ALBUM

I LOVE thee well, my little girl,
And more than this, I cannot tell,
Perhaps there is no more, my Pearl,—
My, that's enough then! fare-thee-well!

TO HENRY R. JONES, ESQ.: WITH A CANDLESTICK

WHO is my neighbor? Who but he
That spills the wine of mirth
And oil of gladness when the world
Observes Love's humble birth.

I sent a little candlestick
At the sweet Christmas time
Not dreaming that like Aaron's rod
'Twould blossom into rhyme!

But Love still stirs the fire, in
The embers of the past
And the dear words the Poet sang
Shall last while I shall last.

TO H. R. JONES, ESQ'RE: WITH A NEW ENGLAND PRIMER

THE breaking waves dashed high
Upon the rocks and stones
When a band of exiles moored their bark
O'er haunts of Davy Jones.
Had Davy called them down,
Where would the world now be?
Without a "Primer" in its hand
To learn its A B C!

Then rise good men and true
To sing the praise of Jones,
Who spared those exiles, when he might
E'en now possess their bones,
And likewise sing the praise
Of that brave Pilgrim band
Who straightway scattered A B C's
Broadcast upon the land.

ICHABOD. L'ENVOI

TO A. J. C.

WHERE art Thou fled, beloved Guest,
That used erstwhile to visit me
With rich reward and high bequest,
For my poor hospitality.

And yet it seemed not poor, when Thou—
Compassionate, august, benign,
A radiant nimbus round thy brow—
Didst by acceptance make it fine.

I know Thee not, I could not call
Thy name, if name indeed Thou hast,
I know not if Thou art at all,
Or where it chanced I saw Thee last.

Perhaps Thou art the Muse, indeed,
Whom Poets of an olden time,
Were wont to call on in their need
When thought refused to flow in rhyme.

Perhaps Thou art the high Ideal,
That with those happy days, has flown
When unrealities were real,
And Life's realities unknown.

ICHABOD. L'ENVOI

Where Thou art, Thou comest no more,
If deed of mine has driven Thee
Away in sorrow from my door,
Say that Thou hast forgiven me—

And turn to look on me again,
With those deep, limpid lover's eyes
That thrilled me with ecstatic pain,
My all suffering, only prize—

And, Muse or Ideal of my Youth,
I will arise and follow Thee,
Nay, then perhaps Thou art the Truth,
I'll write my poems in my deeds.

TO M. G. L.

O WONDERFUL, O Counsellor!
If Thou in Galilee,
Didst live a Man,—yet without sin,
Marvellous Mystery,—
Thou knowest what is human life,
Its care and pain and grief,
Thou knowest it all, Lord, I believe,
Help Thou mine unbelief!

Counsel Thou me, O Wonderful,
Teach me of Thy pure Love,
Does it on waiting hearts descend
From Heaven, a Holy Dove?
Does it to stranded souls bring back
The olive leaf of peace?
Enduring all things, hoping all,
Till life's loud noises cease?

Lord, I believe it hath such power,
Help Thou mine unbelief!
O make it mine from this good hour,
Come Thou to my relief.

TO M. G. L.

Earth's soil is on my garments, Christ,
  Earth's discords in my praise,
Marred and unreal the work I do,
  Feeble the hands I raise.

Human approval pleases me,
  When I should crave but Thine,
I prize, past telling, human love,
  Shrine me, Thou Love Divine.
I labor looking for reward,
  And when none doth appear,
I cry, "Thy counsels cheated me,"
  Self-blinded heart and sere!

But Love can gather harvests, where
  The Tempter's hand has sown,
Can turn life's waters into wine,
  To bread the harvest stone.
O heaven-descended! Wonderful!
  O baptism of Love!
The atmosphere of Thy pure house
  Breathe on my soul, O Dove!

For I have buffeted the waves,
  Wrestled with sin and grief,
From my dear Ararat I cry,
  Christ, send me back the leaf!
O Wonderful, O Counsellor,
  O mighty Prince of Peace,
The least of all Thy subjects prays—
  Bid all my passions cease!

THE LIVING CHRIST

TO M. L. B.

I HAVE found Judas, with his money bags,
Bartering away Love's very self for gold;
And Thomas, with a tardy faith that lags
Till it can find a fact to have and hold;

And Peter, who has learned a sorry knack
Of owning Christ on Sundays, 'mid his sheep,
But through the week, upon the world's sharp rack,
Denying him without the time to weep.

But Jesus,—they have taken Him away,
And buried Him alas! I know not where.
Weary and heavy laden, day by day
I make my quest and lift my heart in prayer.

But, oh, I find Him not, I find Him not!
Only the grave-clothes that He left behind,
Only His garments, where they cast the lot,
Only the scourge, the thorns, the cross, I find.

Where have they laid Him? Will none hear my cry?
Night is far spent: I seek a living Christ.
He said that He would rise again, and I
Must hasten at the dawn to keep my tryst.

Nay, what if it might be He lives again
In hearts that bear the scourge, the thorns, the cross!
Arise, my soul! It shall not be in vain,
Thy quest where sorrow bides, and hurt and loss.

TO M. G. L.

THERE in the upper room she lay,
So still and safe I thought she slept,
Come, come away,
To me they said,
And softly wept
For she is dead.
A shadow in the upper room
I move 'mid shadows, as they loom
What is it seems to whisper me—
From all earth's myriad sounds apart—
And do I speak, or is it she,
"Nay, which of us has died, dear Heart?"

THE CHRISTENING

TO CHARLOTTE

THEY call thee what they will, dear,
'Twere joy enough for me,
If on thy heart of hearts, dear,
My name might graven be.

But that is not for me, dear,
Such place I may not claim,
I take what thou wilt give, dear,
Wilt thou accept my name?

God knoweth all the rest, dear,
Whatever there may be
In all the years to come, dear,
Of joy or pain to thee.

But we are His, are His, dear,
Whate'er the future hide,
Through generations all, dear,
His mercies shall abide.

And on the threshold now, dear,
Be this my only prayer:—
No word or thought of mine, dear,
May dim the Name we share.

TO ELSIE

I AM in love,
Deep down in love,
And Elsie is the lass
That brought me to this pass.

In her pure eyes
A heaven lies
And all her soulful air
Is holy like a prayer.

She little knows
That when she goes,
I lead a life of praise
Until she comes again.

She little dreams
Her coming seems
The dawn that tells the day
Is on its upward way.

Should I reveal
The love I feel
She'd think it was all chaff
And laugh a rippling laugh.

TO ELSIE

Like a brook's sound
In stony ground
And like a brook at play
She, too, would run away.

Oh, Lassie fleet
Run on to meet
The love that like a sea
Waits even now for thee

Not mine, not mine
This joy divine,
But for some chevalier
Without reproach or fear.

You see I can't,
I'm Elsie's Aunt;
Besides 'twould never do
For she is only two!

TO CHARLOTTE ON HER FOURTH BIRTHDAY

AND has the day come round again?
Dear Child, it seems to me
So very brief a time ago
That you were only three!
And scarcely further seems the day
That made you two years old,
Or one year—see upon my hand
The sum of them is told!
And yet it is a better world
For your four little years:
They make more precious all our hopes
Less bitter all our tears.
Stay with us to make glad our lives,
May not a shadow pass
Across the sunshine of your own—
God bless you, little Lass!

TO "BROWNIE"

I WANT you for my Valentine,
Brownie mine,
Through all my life and thine,
Brownie mine,
E'en though some day a Lover fine,
Shall whisper, "Be my Valentine"
Still, still I'll call you, Brownie mine,
My Valentine!

MY CHARLOTTE

WHO never had a little Niece,
Who never was an Aunt,
Can he tell what day is To-day?
Why no, of course he can't!

Who never loved a little Lass,
And shared with her a name,
Which, thro' all chance and change of life,
Will still remain the same,

How can he know the joy that fills—
Pressed down and running o'er—
My happy heart, for it has come,
The natal day, once more.

Then here's a health, my little Girl,—
May each and every year
Come in new laden with new joys,
But keep the old hearts dear!

DAISY AND BUTTERCUP

This story is told for the sweet, sweet sake
Of Aunt Lottie's Darling, Elsie Blake

ONE day a little Daisy flower
And yellow Buttercup
Were sitting by the road-side hedge,
When a big shower came up,
The rain just loved to spatter down
On the poor little things.
Oh, dear, oh, dear, what shall they do?
If only they had wings.
Or a green silk umbrella,
Or if some little feller
Would lend them his and rubbers too—
What ever shall they do?
Will no one come along
And take them in? it's very wrong
To leave them there alone.
All dripping wet,
And cold as stone,
They moan and groan
And groan and moan.
Where ever shall they get?

At last a kind old gentleman
Came walking down the road,
And saw the poor dear little flowers—
"Too bad, upon my word,"
He said, "that you should get so wet;
I'll take you home with me, my dears,
To my own little Pet,
She'll make you dearies in a trice
All glad and snug and warm and nice.
Oh come, come, dry your tears!"
He stooped down gently, and he took
Each dripping little flower,
And placed it softly in his book
Safe from the angry shower.
And then he put the book away
In a pocket on his breast;
The little darlings went to sleep
So glad to be at rest.
When they were wide awake again,
Their little leaves in curl,
Why! where do you think they found themselves?
In the hands of a little Girl!
So happy they were when they looked up
The Daisy and the Buttercup.

TO CHARLOTTE

"WHERE are you going, my pretty maid?"
"To post a valentine," she said.

"Whom is it to, my pretty maid?"
"That I can't tell you, I'm afraid."

"But what if I look at the envelope?"
"You wouldn't be so rude, I hope!"

"Perhaps it's to me, my pretty maid?"
"You'll have to guess again," she said.

"I beg your pardon, but I see
The address, plain as plain can be.

"It's to 'Papa,' my little maid."
"Well, don't I love him best?" she said.

ELSIE'S PARTY: WELCOME

SWEET April has come back again
With sunshine and with gentle rain,

To soften hard old winter's heart
And bid the flowers and grasses start.

To whisper to the birds—"Fly home,
The time for building nests has come."

To make the earth each day more fair
Shedding a glory everywhere!

And our glad hearts are all in tune
To welcome you this afternoon

With song and speech from little elves—
Who'll—stay and see what for yourselves!

ELSIE'S PARTY: FINALE

OUR little play is over,
No more the prompter calls,
The lights grow dim and dimmer,
The final curtain falls.

The Juvenile Peak Sisters
From Pike his Peak out west
To give you entertainment
Have done their very best.

And for your kind attention
And generous applause
For which, dear friends and neighbors,
We tried to give you cause,

We now before we leave you
Our hearty thanks would speak
In our own kind and fashion
Which is—Peak Sisters Peak!

TO CHARLOTTE

OH, if I were a gallant knight
And rode a prancing steed
I'd spur him on, this Saint's dear day,
And to your window speed.

"Give me," I'd cry, "a ribbon, Love,
Or just a finger ring,
Or precious lock of shining hair,
Nay—any trifling thing!"

And I should place it next my heart,
And proudly ride and fleet,
To fight for love and truth and right
Which means for you, my sweet!

If blameless, then I'd hie me back
Tho' barriers should combine,
And whisper softly—"Lady, may
I be your Valentine?"

WHAT WOULD YOU DO

"BROWNIE"

NOW what would you do please, if you were a kitten?

CHARLOTTE

I'd play with the ball of a half-finished mitten.

"BROWNIE"

I wouldn't, I'd just go all over the house,
To find a live plaything and that is a mouse.

CHARLOTTE

I'd rather curl up in some little girl's lap.
Or in some dear Grandma's when taking her nap.

"BROWNIE"

Oh, pleasanter far a fine morning in spring
To gather some catnip, I'm fond of the thing.

BOTH, HOLDING HANDS

I know what we'd both do—if kittens—and that's
Just grow in a very short time to be cats!

TO CHARLOTTE: WITH A COPY OF "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

OH, little Pilgrim entering
Upon the Heavenly road,
Oh, little heart unburdened,
As yet, by any load,

Only by stillest waters
Where greenest pastures be,
God lead thee till His city
Thy happy eyes shall see.

TO ELSIE: A VALENTINE

I'LL choose me now a Valentine,
—A jewel that shall never tine—
She must be fair and sweet and true
And pure as springtime's morning dew,
With eyes that hold a world of love,
And a calm brow those eyes above
Whereon whoever looks must feel
That Truth has set its perfect seal.
Her smile must have the radiant power
To glorify the darkest hour,
Her Voice come melting from her throat
Soft as the ring-dove's plaintive note—
Where shall I find this Valentine,
This jewel that shall never tine?
Nay, search your own heart, little Girl,
And you will find this priceless Pearl.

TO CHARLOTTE: WITH A BOX OF MARSHMALLOWS

MARSHMALLOW

IT hears the birds at their matins,
  It sees the dome of the sky,
And watches the dreamy shadows,
  That low on the marshes lie.

Pink as a sea shell's lining,
  Glad as a lamb at play,
It gathers into its bosom
  The entire light of day.

Its root in the shifting marshlands,
  It raises its heart above,
And distils its hidden sweetness
  For the Lady of my Love!

TO "BROWNIE"

O COME, my little nut-brown maid,
And sit thee down by me
While I recount the different ways
In which thou'rt dear to me.

Thou'rt dear to me because thine eyes
Are deeply brown and true
And filled with happy sunshine,
Sometimes with tears, like dew.

Thou'rt dear to me because thy hair
Is like a pony's mane
That restless tosses up and down
And down and up again.

Thou'rt dear to me because thy mouth
Is like a rosebud sweet,
The tender home of gentle words
Where mirth and goodness meet.

But thou art dearest, dear to me
Because thy heart is true
And full of little kindnesses,
Sweet nut-brown maid, adieu.

THE JAPANESE FAN

TO "BROWNIE"

THERE was a small maiden
That came from Japan,
And she lived quite alone
On one side of a fan.

She wore a big sash,
And had skewers in her hair,
And, braced upon nothing,
She sat in the air.

How she managed to do it
I really can't say,
Unless in Japan things
Are queered in that way.

She hadn't the semblance
Of even a cloud
To support her, puzzling
It must be allowed.

I pitied her so
Sitting always like that
That I thought I would draw
A chair where she sat.

But then to myself I
  Said, "What if you please
Would the chair rest upon
  You'd provide for her ease?'

"Oh! I have it," I cried
  My pencil in air,
"The soft waning moon
  She shall have for a chair."

My pencil I used, and
  As snug as a coon
In a tree cuddled up
  Lolls the girl in the moon.

I can look at her now
  And my back doesn't ache
And my neck isn't stiff
  And my knee joints don't quake

I can now take my comfort
  Night, morning, and noon,
My feet on the fender,
  My Girl in the moon.

TO CHARLOTTE

DEAR child, I ask not what I would,
For who can pray aright?
Denied desires may work for good,
And granted mar and blight.

Therefore I make this only prayer,
Sweet woman child, for thee,—
As guide and stay may Love be there
Where'er thy pathway be.

TO CHARLOTTE

ONLY a child but yester year,
But time will have its way—Ah me!
And now her eager feet draw near
To where the streamlet meets the sea.

Forever on, and tarry not
Love like an ocean deep and wide
Awaits thy coming, maiden fleet,
Yield thee—and thine are time and tide.

On errands it will carry thee
Of sacrifice or high emprise,
Until thy longing eyes shall see
The day-dawn of the "Happy Isles."

EASTER

TO ELSIE

THO' death itself had coldly sealed
The lips that spoke,
See Mary at the Master's tomb
When morning broke.
Obedient to the living word
Of the Lord Christ,
In perfect trust and unafraid
She kept her tryst.
And lo, without the vacant tomb
Her name she heard,—
"Mary!" She turned herself and saith:
"Rabboni!" "Lord!"—
Great conqueror of life and death
I turn to Thee.
Tho' long the night, when morning breaks
Oh, call Thou me!

TO CHARLOTTE: EIGHTEEN

LOVE may not be o'ertaken
Upon the great highway,
With barter and requital
And in the glare of day;
Nay, Lass, the rather hide thee
In dreamland cloisters dim
Where thou mayst safely bide thee
Till one seek thee, and to him
—God grant the happy day—
Give, give thy heart away!

EASTER

"TO BROWNIE"

AH, may the risen Lord to-day
For us have sweet surprise,
And as we question, by the way,
Unseal our holden eyes,

That we with new and burning hearts
May look into His face,
And hear the wondrous words He speaks
If only for a space,

How Love alone, is Conqueror,
And there is none beside,
In heaven or earth,—Christ in our hearts
Still may this truth abide.

TO CHARLOTTE: IN EUROPE

THERE'S a little Lass over the water,
The dearest of lassies to me,
And I wish she might for one moment
Come back again over the sea.
But why do I utter vagaries
When such a thing never could be?

Nay, he of the vision of Patmos
Has told how in Heaven above
There shall be no more sea, blessed Homeland!
Then what can impossible prove
To the hearts that in unity traverse
The ineffable Heaven of Love?

So I walk and I talk with my Lassie
Whenever in fancy I roam,
And dream of the time of her coming
Across the great highway of foam
From far lands of song and of story
Back, back to the old folks at Home!

EASTER

TO ELSIE AND "BROWNIE"

THE Lord is risen, the angels tell,
  Behold the awful miracle:
The stone rolled by the tomb unsealed,
  The power of the Christ revealed.

Oh, wondering souls, is this the test
  On which your hopes of Heaven ye rest?
Nay, Christ is risen each hour for you
  That sees you patient, brave, and true.

And every day is Easter Day
  Whene'er the angels roll away
From off your souls their burdening load
  And ye have glimpses of your God.

TO CHARLOTTE: AT THE TIME OF THE CANONIZATION OF JOAN OF ARC

JOAN OF ARC

OH, peasant girl of Orleans,
In the skies of our worldly day
Are seen no Heavenly visions,
Is heard no call to obey.

The mystic, inner whisperings, yet
The story of your fears,
Your triumphs and your martyrdom,
Blinds all our eyes with tears.

For you held your country's banner
At the head of a conquering host,
Then saw it rent by scorn and hate,
With all it stood for—lost.

But there came the final glory,
The stake and the martyr flame
Unquenchable, to aureole
Forevermore your name:

Be the story an evangel
To us, and may God impart,
Even now, some Heavenly vision
To each obedient heart.

TO ELSIE: WITH A COPY OF WILLIAM MORRIS'S POEMS

THE Singer, not the song is new,
The Prophet, not the theme,
The Rose-leaf, not the drop of dew,
The Dreamer, not the dream.
The morning stars together sang
Love's song of old,—
It shall be sung when like a scroll
The heavens are rolled.

TO "BROWNIE": WITH A BUNCH OF VIOLETS

THE Violets tell each other,
In the early summer time,
How long ago some man or boy
Made up a little rhyme
About them for a Valentine.
It went like this, line after line:
"The Rose is red, the Violet blue,
Sugar is sweet, and so are you!"

And so I send these Violets
To you, my Valentine,
And let me say the rhyme again
Adding one little line:
It's just as true as true can be
As every one can plainly see—
"The Rose is red, the Violet blue,
Sugar is sweet," and Brownie too!

"DINNA FORGET"

TO CHARLOTTE: WITH A COPY OF "GEMS OF SCOTTISH SONG"

OH, when the fire is on the hearth,
And winter's storms have come,
Sit down beside me, Lassie mine,
And sing the songs of home!

The songs of sweetheart and of wife,
Of husband leal and true,
The songs of country and of king
And border bonnets blue.

"My Love is like a red, red Rose"
And "Annie Laurie," sing,
And "Are you sure the news is true?"
Then make the echoes ring,

With "Scots wha' ha' wi' Wallace bled"
And Royal Charlie's line—
Then hand-in-hand, my bonnie Lass,
We'll sing dear "Auld Lang Syne."

TO ELSIE: A SONNET

I WOULD not have thy hair a tint more brown,
I would not want thine eyes a shade more blue,
For dear, my Girl, you would not then be you!
And I must forfeit the sweet lore I own:
For thou hast taught me hair like thine's a crown,
And sea-blue eyes are sweet and brave and true
And pure as morning-glories wet with dew,
Where'er I see them meekly looking down!
Nor would I have thee wiser, better, Girl,
For then thou wouldst be canonized outright,
And I must wed a woman, not a saint.
Be but thy simple, very self, my Pearl—
A creature of the Springtime and the Light—
And I shall never utter a complaint!

TO CHARLOTTE: WITH A RING

ONLY a little circle of gold
And a crystallized drop of dew
That left their home in the deep, dark earth
To shine evermore for you.

For the Birthday has come round again,
And the circle of gold I send
As symbol of my love, dear child,
Without beginning or end.

For it had birth in the bosom of God
Through all our race, you see
And shall never, never have ending
Through all His eternity.

Therefore I send the drop of dew
And the little circle of gold,
And lift a thankful heart to God
For the wee Lamb of the fold.

TO CHARLOTTE

A HUMBLE and a lowly thing is Love,
Yet when it draweth nigh
The heavenly gates are lifted up above
Into the utmost sky,
For King of kings and Lord of lords is Love,
Yet will it enter in
To hearts that lowliest and humblest prove,
For Love is—Love!

TO CHARLOTTE: WITH "A BOOK OF VERSES"

"A BOOK of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!"

So sang the poet of an earlier day
"The Wild were Paradise" enough!—I say
Had he but known My Lady, his fond heart,
Methinks, had taught him in this wise to pray:

With Book of Verses underneath the Tree
I ask for neither Wine nor Bread—with Thee
Beside me singing in the Wilderness
The Wilderness were Heaven itself to me!

TO ELSIE: WITH A SOFA PILLOW

LOVE send you day-dreams from the sky,
—The Pillow's from a mortal—
May shadow of his coming lie
Athwart the New Year's portal.

TO CHARLOTTE: WITH A COPY OF COLLECTED POEMS BY AUSTIN DOBSON

OH, listen while the poet sings
Of quaint and curious old-world things
We no more know:
The harpsichord and minuet,
The powder, paste, and pirouette
Of long ago.

What makes the difference year by year—
Waistcoats and bodices, my dear,
Fashion and art?—
Changeless neath homespun newly made
As erst beneath the stiff brocade
Beats the true Heart.

TO CHARLOTTE: WITH A COPY OF THE VICTORIAN ANTHOLOGY

POESY

AN added delight when things go right,
A solace when things go wrong,
When the race is not to the swift of pace,
Nor the battle to the strong;
A gleam of light in the dourest night,
A shade in the glare of day,
An echo sweet from the soul's retreat,
A fount by the dusty way.
One need but will and the poets spill
Their treasure of golden song,
That yet shall bide, though the world be wide,
The day be never so long.

WHEN CHARLOTTE PLAYS

AT morning time it seemeth me
The world is made of harmony
When Charlotte Plays.

While at the tender gloaming hour
I fear no more that clouds may lower
When Charlotte Plays.

And when the stars fill all the sky
The very birds wake to reply
When Charlotte Plays.

What marvel that I seem to hear
Those far-off Voices pure and clear
When Charlotte Plays.

Of that unseen, immortal throng
That sings each heart Love's deathless song,
When Charlotte Plays.

R. L. S. ONCE MORE

TO LOUISE

ONE has called you a "Theologist"
Another a "Romanticist,"
You've been dubbed a "Sentimentalist,"
Again a "Shorter Catechist."

But Fiction's self has claimed you
And Poetry far-famed you
And little children love you
Holding no friend above you,
Wishing they too might see you pass
Kind "Leary," lighting up the gas!

How have you cheered the night for us,
Lamp-lighter, dear and sedulous,
Despite your own dark hours of pain!—
We shall not see your like again.

A BIRTHDAY PRAYER FOR CHARLOTTE

THOUGH all may cry "Lo here, lo there!"
Marking the way for me,
To Thee I make this only prayer,
Lord Christ, of Calvary:

Thou art not a science, not a creed,
All other names above,
We give Thee in our time of need,
And lo! That name is Love!

Shall I pick up the crumbs that fall
From liturgy or tome,
When to the feast of Life, we all
Are called, who will may come.

And very Love will sup with us,
When living waters burst,
Or drain Life's bitterest cup with us,
With us cry out—"I thirst!"

I need no Daysman me to lead
"Into the truth." Ah no,
He guides me, from His hand I feed,
He knows the way I go.

A BIRTHDAY PRAYER

Light of the world, enough for me,
To know that Thou art mine,
Were there in life no mystery,
That Light need never shine.

Were there no pain in life for me,
Calvary had never been;
I conquer by that sign of Thee,
Oh, Love, dear Love, Amen!

LAKE GEORGE

TO CHARLOTTE

A BLESSED calm beyond all comprehending,
Like God's own peace unto His loved ones sent,
And joy that knows no earthly apprehending
Dwell in thy bosom, Lake St. Sacrament.

Clear as the river of the saints' beholding,
Blue as the tears an angel might have shed;
Meet home for virgin lilies' sweet unfolding,
In quietude each lifts its shining head.

Such peace, dear God, as deep and as abiding,
Fill all her life, for whom to-day we pray,
We cannot know, alone in Thee confiding,
We beg, be Love the Light, the Truth, the Way.

CHARLOTTE AT THE PIANO

WHEN her dear hands the keys caress
Are to my soul revealed
Old longings for the hidden things
Earth has not power to yield:

The love of hearts tried in the fire,
The faith in what is true,
The yearning for the mountain top
The Vision to renew.

What witchery is in her touch!
I hear the morning's song,
The twilight's wistful whisperings,
The sea's beat wild and strong.

Soft cadences I cannot name,
Like stars with stars that rhyme,
As if their rapture we might share
For our brief point of time.

And paltry values of the world
Dwindle to nothingness:—
All this is when her woman hands
The throbbing keys caress.

TO LOUISE

DEAR Lass, in times of joy or ease,
All dainty, sweet, and sure to please;
But when the shadows grow, at length
A tent-prop, a tall tower of strength!
Sweet Louise.

Her girlish laughter fills the air,
She loves a world without a care,
But when it comes, as come it may,
Behold her, when the skies are gray!
Brave Louise.

A girl, and yet a woman too,
She nothing knows but to be true,
Though having learned in the short years
That loyal hearts may break in tears!
True Louise.

We who are wearied and depressed
Find in her strength a grateful rest;
May we not lean too heavily,
Oh, Joy of all our days, on thee!
Dear Louise.

IN TOWN

TO CHARLOTTE

A SUMMER in town
Has joys of its own,
Lady fair.
Still sounds the old sea
In infinite glee
Or deep minor key
Past compare!

The same silvery moon
Beams softly upon
The still street
Where lovers speak low—
What surely they know—
That come weal or woe
Life is sweet.

But not all seek sleep,
For lonely hearts keep
Vigil here.
What is it that we
So yearn for?—ah, me!
Come back and you'll see,
Lady dear.

MOTHERHOOD

TO H. W. R. L.

IN the new world we entered, he and I,
What time in sight of angels and of men
We were made man and wife forever, when
Unbarred, unbanned, the gates were lifted high
Of holy Eden, as our souls drew nigh.
So strange it seemed, so very strange, and then
It was as we had ne'er been else; again
We cried, "Ah, who shall guide?"—lo! the reply:
Into the valley of the shade of death
I entered, and my hands laid hold upon
Thy garment's hem, O God forever blest!
Then at my breast I felt the soft new breath,
The lips' warm pressure of our son, our son!
"A little child shall lead them." Let me rest.

NIGHT AND MORNING

TO ROBIN

WITH garters and strings
And buttons and things,
It's hard work undressing at night;
Teeth cleaning, besides,
When Ted always hides
My brush, and we get in a fight.

Not a real fight, you know,
But a pillow fight, though
It sometimes gets real, sure enough;
Then the pillow case tears,
And we both say our prayers—
Mamma should get heavier stuff.

A scrimmage about,
The light putting out—
It's usually I that does that.
I pop into bed;
Ted stands on his head,
Just like a real show acrobat.

He's too droll by half—
We laugh and we laugh
Till we hear Papa's voice down below:
"Less noise there, boys, boys!
Do you hear me? less noise!"
And for fear there'll be trouble, you know,

We lie very still,
And know nothing till
Dear Mamma wakes us up with a kiss.
More buttons and strings
And garters and things—
Will there always be bother like this?

SPENCER

WHO puts the ancients in the shade
With questions he himself has made?
"Spen."

Who is it knows we're in a muff
When we reply with arrant bluff?
"Spen."

Who is it can be what he will
From motor-man to "Jack" or "Jill"?
"Spen."

Who happy as the day is long
Rejoices in a rousing song?
"Spen."

Who is it, an incarnate joy
Holds the whole universe his toy?
"Spen."

Who is it shames our petty ways,
Our narrow aims, and empty days?
"Spen."

Who rouses thoughts beyond our speech
That only unto God can reach?
"Spen."

GOOD-MORNING

TO HARRY

GET up, get up, my boys and girls,
The birds are calling you,
The flowers had their faces washed
Long, long ago with dew.
The sun is very much surprised
To see you not at play.
Get up, get up, my boys and girls,
Thank God for a new day.

GOOD-NIGHT

TO HARRY

COME, come, my little boys and girls,
'Tis time to go to bed,
The flowers are dreaming sweetest dreams,
Each bird has hid its head.
The sun has kissed the world good-night,
God's stillness fills the air,
Good-night, good-night, my boys and girls,
Heaven have us in its care.

TO MALCOLM

WHEN King Malcolm reigned in Scotland
Centuries ago,
Where were you, his little namesake,
I should like to know?

Where your Mother, where your Daddy,
Where Elizabeth,
Where, in fact, was any one who
Draws to-day life's breath?

Where the "Motor-car" and "Movies,"
Where the "Wireless,"
Where the "Telephone" and "Air-ships,"
Who can ever guess?

But you waited to be born, till
Time these things should bring;
Old Malcolm was a King—but then
He didn't know a thing!

EASTER, 1902

TO BESSIE

OH, no, it is a waste of breath,
The schoolmen ne'er can make it plain,
The mystery of life in death,
It is enough, He lives again.

Behold o'er all the vernal earth,
Afar and near, the tidings spread;
In quickened clod and violets' birth;
He lives again, Love is not dead.

The withered forest shall we see,
Or frondless bracken of the fen,
New clothed in immortality,
And not the longing hearts of men.

Faint not, my soul, Love will retrieve
Life, e'en in wasted stem and leaf.
There is no death, Lord, I believe,
Help Thou my craven unbelief.

TO ELSIE

THE day is drawing near, my Lass,
When you and he shall wed,
When his ring shall bind your finger,
And all the vows be said.

Kindred and friends shall gather round,
Coming from far and wide,
To pray God's blessing on the Day,
The Bridegroom, and the Bride.

And the dear Lord God will listen
To this, our one request:
That Mary's Son, Immortal Love,
May be the unseen Guest

That shall, as once at Cana's feast,
Turn, with a touch divine,
Through all the years to come, for you,
Life's waters into wine.

TO LITTLE ELSIE: A CRADLE SONG

OH, baby, 'tis thy mother's arms
Enfold thee—she who soothes thy cry,
Chanting thee one of God's dear Psalms
For lullaby.

The Lord, wee lamb, thy Shepherd is,
In pastures green, by waters sweet,
The paths of right thou cans't not miss:
He guides thy feet.

For thee He doth Himself prepare
The very Bread of Life; and lo,
The Cup of Love doth everywhere
For thee o'erflow.

His goodness and His mercy wide
Through all thy days shall follow thee,
And thou in His own House shalt bide
Eternally.

"NOW I LAY ME—"(REVISED)

TO LITTLE ELSIE

NOW I lay me down to sleep,
I give myself to God to keep,
With all I love, and when we wake,
Still keep us, Lord, for Jesus' sake.
AMEN.

THE PARTY

TO LITTLE ELSIE

IT'S Hi! for the Party and it's Ho! for the Party,
And who'll to the Party with me?
There are joys at the Party,
And toys at the Party,
And a birthday cake for tea!

There are girls at the Party,
With curls, at the Party,
And dancing one, two, three;
There are boys at the Party,
And there's noise at the Party,
And laughter, songs, and glee.

It's "good-night" to the Party
At twilight, when the Party
Is over and done the play;
To the birthday, "good-night,"
To the grown-ups, "good-night"—
God bless us all, we pray.

THE BABY'S CURL

TO LITTLE ELSIE

OUT from the letter's close embrace
The Baby's tress unrolled
As from some mystic, ageless loom
Shot through with threads of gold.

Its warp and woof, like molten bronze,
Around my finger curled—
The wonder of the deathless hair
In a sad mortal world!

It seemed a link in that vast chain,
Dear Child, that leads from earth,
Unto God's altar stairs, whereon
She treads, who gave thee birth.

Radiant, she works with God for thee,
Nor knows our wild alarms—
When born again thou enter'st Heaven
Thou shalt fall in her arms!

ELSIE BLAKE KING

The news of the sudden death of Elsie Blake King at her home in White Plains, on the twenty-fifth of January, 1911, came with a shock that carried dismay to the hearts of her people, her classmates, and her wide circle of friends. To us all, it was as if most lovely music had unexpectedly ceased, since we were to hear no more that incomparable voice. So vivid was the impression she everywhere made, so diffusive her every-day gladness, so keen her zest of life, that it will be long before we can make it true to our hearts that her earthly task is finished. And in what a high and exultant mood she took her task upon her, holding out both hands to welcome each day whatever it might bring; every experience came to her charged with real significance, effort was the breath of her life and its own exceeding great reward. A gladder heart never beat, and the brief, radiant life rounded to completion before ever the shadows closed in, or the days grew long. In the hearts that loved her is immortalized a presence which, in dissemination, must forever

grow from strength to strength and from grace to grace: it will be felt in a fresh uplift of the whole tone of the School which she loved, and live on in classroom, hall, and sacred chapel.

The quality of the scholarship of Elsie Blake King reflects a distinction upon the Institute, for it was a giving back to her Alma Mater of that which she first received from her: there she learned those enduring lessons that are far and away beyond the mere enlightenment imparted by the text-book in the teacher's hand, and imbibed not only the "love of knowledge, but the knowledge of love." Like a shepherd the true teacher knows his own, and his own know his voice: listening, she heard with both mind and heart. Such a pupil is to the devoted instructor the supreme reward, and makes of his, or her, vocation not alone the finest of fine arts, but a veritable "high calling."

An irreparable loss has fallen upon the Class of 1903; that community of interests which is the life of every class, never wholly ceases however separated its members may be after graduation. What memories they hold in common! how thoroughly they know each other! The love of the Class of 1903 for Elsie Blake King was born of beautiful intimacy. An inspiration she was in the class-room and in those memorable

"good-times" when the social graces—which were so eminently hers—are called in play, a gracious presence and an inestimable influence. Well may her classmates cry out:

> "In the hour of our need,
> Like an angel appear
> Radiant with ardor divine,
> Strengthen the wavering line,
> Stablish, continue our march
> On to the bound of the waste,
> On to the city of God."

For the Alumnæ, both those who are novices in the Sisterhood, and those who sit beside the weary road to hear the angel's sing, there is a new, young, triumphant voice in that "Choir Invisible, whose music is the gladness of the world."

Testing our lives by the discipleship of our loved one, we are inclined to look upon high and endearing qualities not as attainments, but as gifts conferred by the immanent hand of the Creator; but so to consider is to miss the lesson: her many-sidedness, exquisite courtesy, lovely personality, and even the rare music of her voice were the flowering of an intense moral earnestness that formed the base of her character. Gifted she assuredly was, but as the stem is dowered with the blossom.

To love her was more than a liberal education: it was a lifting of one's spirit into the things of God to which she had attained; of a generation that is in very real danger of mistaking ethics for religion and altruism for sympathy, she yet walked in quiet obedience to the Heavenly Vision, heeding always the divine instruction: "Little children, love one another." Her great heart enfolded not only her people, her classmates, and her countless friends, it embraced with a Christlike compassion the neglected, miserable children of the tenements; these she loved, not theoretically, not experimentally, but by making her own the hopeless drawbacks and meager pleasures of their pitiable little lives. Was there ever any heart that could so nobly rejoice with those that rejoice, or so tenderly weep with those that weep! The New Commandment was the law of her life: for love she lived, for love's sake she laid down her life. The pure white flame lit up the little spark and then aspired to God.